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What's with the infrequency, Kenneth?

Despite the infrequency of the hard copy *Steamshovel* at the end of the millenium (although still quite busy on the web and in producing books--see pages 59-60), *Steamshovel Press* now resumes its quarterly schedule.

Dedication: Jerry E. Durrwachter, a friend always

(thanks also to other members of the transition team:
Ann Morris, Roy Dripps III, Linda Belford)

*Table Tapping Into The New Millenium,
Part One*

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

previously unpublished interview

by Kenn Thomas

William S. Burroughs was a native St. Louisan whose return trips to his hometown, a place he called the product of a "malignant matriarchy," were rare and brief. In 1981 he gave a reading at Duff's, a coffeehouse of literary cognoscenti in St. Louis, to promote his then new novel, *Cities of the Red Night*. He came back in 1983 to attend the funeral of his brother Mortimer, a local a local architect. For the premiere of a documentary on his life, *Burroughs: The Movie*, he signed book at Left Bank Books, the Central West End bookstore, in 1984. On these occasions, Burroughs gave long interviews with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* discussing his life in St. Louis. (1)

The city's rival newspaper, the conservative *Globe-Democrat*, either through disinterest or outright hostility for this unconventional native son, had ignored reporting about Burroughs since its sensationalized handling of Burroughs' arrest for the murder of his wife in 1951. (2) The *Globe* would have ignored the 1983 visit as well if it had not been approached by *Steamshovel* editor Kenn Thomas, working as the paper's rock music critic at the time. Even with that concession to Burroughs' fame, the *Globe* published only a small part of the interview due to space limitations. The full interview, which has never before been published.

Burroughs' first novel, *Junkie: Confessions of an Unredeemed Dope Addict*, a graphic narrative on the life of a heroin addict, was published in 1953 under the pseudonym William Lee as part of a double-sided paperback of lurid, drug-crime fiction. Although Jack Kerouac had made him a legend in the Beat underground by including Burroughs as a character in his fiction, the impact of Burroughs' own writing was not felt until the 1959 publication of *Naked Lunch* (not published in America until 1962), a book that did as much to disassemble the structure

of the American novel as it did to portray the mental landscapes of addiction.

For the unfamiliar reader, *Naked Lunch* presents descriptions of drug-warped reality alongside a very lucid discussion of the apomorphine treatment that helped Burroughs kick his own habit of many years. Acknowledged by such luminaries as Norman Mailer and Mary McCarthy as groundbreaking prose, when parts of the novel first appeared in America in 1959, it became part of a protracted court battle that ended with the Massachusetts Supreme Court declaring the book not obscene. (3)

Burroughs' "wrote himself out" of his drug addiction and other miserable details of his biography. The original pages *Naked Lunch* would have existed only as an addict's notes about his experience, a kind of therapy (in Burroughs' terms, a series of "routines"), if Allen Ginsberg and others had not rescued several hundred pages and worked to get them published. The setting of the novel jumps from St. Louis to New Orleans to Tangier to New York, retaining the single point of view of the semi-autobiographical William Lee, presumably undergoing the apomorphine treatment for heroin addiction. The characters comprise the cast of a traveling carnival, however. They include one a carny named A. J.; two vaudeville performers, Clem and Jody; the infamous quack / butcher Dr. Benway;



Burroughs' grave

Burroughs' last written words:

**"Love? What is it? Most natural
pain-killer. What there is, LOVE."**

**William S. Burroughs
2/5/14-8/2/97**

the pharmacist/bigot Doc Parker; and several sex acrobats, sailors and boys involved in wild scenes of decadent sex and death. The writer's season in hell moves into the lucid reality of the apomorphine cure, described coherently in the book's most conventional chapter.

By the time of *Naked Lunch*'s publication, of course, Burroughs had led a complex and interesting life. He graduated from Harvard in 1936 but remained there to study ethnology and archaeology before pursuing various careers as a detective, advertising man, pest exterminator, reporter and even as an army serviceman briefly during the Second World War.

His addiction began in New York in the mid-1940s. A few years later he moved to Mexico and later to the South American Amazon to investigate yage, an hallucinogenic plant used by native americans. Some of the prose in *Naked Lunch* stems from his experiences with yage, and in 1963, Burroughs published a book of correspondence with Allen Ginsberg called *The Yage Letters*, that detailed his experiences. Drug expert Dr. Andrew Weil has remarked that *The Yage Letters* is "distinguished by a uniformly negative tone and, according to experts on the region, considerable misinformation." (4)

In 1951 Burroughs was living in Mexico City when he shot his wife at a party, reportedly as part of a drunken parlor game version of the William Tell legend. The St. Louis papers reported the accident prominently, in part because of Burroughs' wealthy background, in part because he and Jack Kerouac had been witnesses in another renown murder trial: the stabbing death of Washington University professor David Kammerer by Lucien Carr. (5) The death of Burroughs' wife became a turning point in his life; after it, he re-committed himself to serious writing.

Burroughs escaped from the tragedies of his personal life to the vigors of creating a new form of serious, science-fiction-like writing. His second

major published work, the *Soft Machine/Ticket That Exploded/Nova Express* trilogy, depicts a world in which the Nova Mob, in the form of a viral parasite, seeks to control humanity. The Mob is analogous to drug addiction, to sexual repression and to anything else that traps humanity into restrictive thought patterns. In this trilogy, Burroughs cultivates the use of cut-up techniques he and the painter Brion Gysin began to experiment with in Paris in 1959. The technique involves stopping the conventional narrative and "splicing on" prose fragments from other writers, newspapers, scientific papers and advertisements. Although it did not inspire a court battle, the cut-up technique met with the same cool reception as *Naked Lunch*.

During the 1970s, Burroughs' fiction grew into apocalyptic satire that appealed particularly to American young people. His work has been celebrated at countercultural gatherings like the 1978 Nova Convention in New York City (6) and Burroughs spent many summers teaching at Allen Ginsberg's Kerouac School of disembodied poetics in Boulder, Colorado. While his popularity outside the mainstream continued, Burroughs also began to enjoy critical acceptance in the 1970s: he became the subject of six books, two bibliographies, several dissertations and a continuing output of scholarly articles. In 1983 he was elected into the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

At the time of this interview, Burroughs described his writing as a mythology of the space age, a new kind of writing created for the reader of the future, someone who has "escaped" from the state of arrested evolution that, in Burroughs' view, the world at large finds itself in. His last work at the time was a trilogy that included *Cities of the Red Night* (1981), *The Place Of Dead Roads* (1983) and *The Western Lands* (1987). These novels were critically as both an anemic clone of *Naked Lunch* and as Burroughs' magnum opus. Kim Carsons, the protagonist of the current trilogy, has been called one of Burroughs' most autobiographical characters.

The following interview was conducted with William S. Burroughs from his home in Lawrence, Kansas on March 24, 1984.

Q: Do impressions you make in interviews add anything to those given in your books?

A: Not usually. Occasionally, I don't know. Sometimes it might enable me to put something more clearly or even give me an insight. But ordinarily, they're pretty much repetitive.

Q: What are some of your impressions of childhood in St. Louis' west end?

A: Well, it was another world. That was in the 1960s. I was born in 1914. I lived at 4064 Pershing. The house is still there. There is a Dr. Fisher living there and we've become quite good friends. It was a middle class, three story brick house with a fish pond in the backyard. I went to the Community School and the John Burroughs school. By that time we had moved out in the suburbs on Price Road in Clayton.

Q: One popular perception of your background here is that it was tremendously affluent from the adding machine fortune started by your grandfather, that this provided you with a safety net to be able to pursue your unusual life. Is that a very true perception?

A: No, it isn't. In the first place, of course, the family didn't realize anything from the Burroughs adding machine. The family was bought out in that company long before I was born. There were four children and they bought them out for \$400,000—that's \$100,000 each. The stock would be worth \$60 million now. My father used the stock to buy a glass company, which he ran for some years. We were by no means ever in the millionaire slot. Just in the two or three hundred thousand area. Years later, during the Depression, my father went back, having sold the glass company out, first to landscape gardening and then to gifts and art. We had a gifts and art shop called Cobblestone Gardens. But other than that, through hard work at the gifts and art shop, they sent me for many years \$200 a month. There was no trust fund or anything like that. It was an allowance out of what they made.

Q: A couple of hundred dollars was a livable sum at the time?

A: It was a livable sum in France and in Tangier where I lived. A livable sum, no more.

Q: Many people see Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg purely and simply as members of the Beat movement, but your work seems to stand as part of the Beats but also something apart. Could you comment on that?

A: The Beat movement was never a literary movement in the French sense. European literary movements would usually consist of people who sort of have a manifesto and would come to be closely related in a literary sense. That has never been true

of the Beat movement. It was more a sociological movement than a literary movement.

That is, for example, Kerouac, Ginsberg and Gregory Corso and myself, while we all have certain objectives in common from a literary point of view, our work was completely different. Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso were poets. Kerouac's whole style, his whole way of writing, was completely different from mine. He always said the first version is the best. I said, "Jack, that may work for you, but it doesn't work for me. I work my material over at least three or four times." So there was no relation from the literary point of view between members of the so-called Beat movement.

Q: *The Place of Dead Roads* is dedicated to writer Denton Welch. How did Welch influence your fiction?

A: He is very much out of print. He's slowly coming back. I've been trying to get him back into print for many years because I think he is a very, very great writer. He died in 1948. He was 31 at the time. When he was twenty he was riding on a bicycle and somebody hit him from behind in a car. No one knows why. That left him cripple for the rest of his life. He finally died as a result of those injuries. It was during those ten years that he wrote his books.

William S. Burroughs



Well, you have to read them. I just took the style and when I say that Denton Welch is Audrey Carsons and Kim Carsons (characters in *The Place of Dead Roads*), I mean that in a very real sense. It's table tapping from beyond the grave almost.

Q: You have called yourself a writer for the space age. Now do you feel about people who think the space program is just a means to develop high-tech weaponry?

A: I doubt whether that is true. The actual space program, of course, is not what I'm talking about at all. I think, of course, that what they've done is go into space in an aqualung, and that was a very



valuable achievement. I would say that it is one of the few government expenditures of which I do not begrudge a penny, just to show that man could get beyond this planet and look back at it.

Q: Are your ideas about space migration substantially different from Timothy Leary's?

A: Well, I think our ideas have something in common. How would you define his ideas?

Q: He seems to think that space migration is encoded in our genes, that because of gravitational spin, we're flying off.

A: Yes, I would go along with that. I've said very clearly in *The Place of Dead Roads* that man is an artifact designed for space travel.

Q: How do psychedelic drugs fit into your vision of the future?

A: They don't. I always found LSD and psilocybin to be quite unpleasant. The only hallucinogenic drugs that have had much value to me are cannabis and yagé, the South American drug that I wrote a book about. I get very unpleasant reactions to LSD and psilocybin. They're both synthetic.

Q: In *The Place of Dead Roads* you also seem to suggest that memories are actually real time travel trips into the past. What mental activities are trips into the future?

A: A fellow named John Donne, who wrote *An Experiment in Time*, a mathematician and physicist and one of the early pioneers in aviation, discovered that his dreams contains episodes from the future as well as the past. He said anybody could verify this who will write down his dreams over a period of time. Many times these future events were quite trivial, like a dog running across the road or something like that. So he evolved a theory he called the serial universe, which is an observer of an observer, of an observer, to infinity. So the observer one level up would then see time as a spatial continuum in which both present and past were observable. So it is from that point of view that time travel occurs. The observer of the observer, of course, is an instance in everyone's mind so that memory, putting yourself back where you were a year ago and so on is in a very real sense time travel. This, of course, happens in dreams as well.

Q: The jacket notes of the new book say that its protagonist, cowboy Kim Carsons, is one of your most autobiographical characters. Is this true?

A: All characters are autobiographical and none of them are. Any fiction writer is always drawing from his experience. However, I would say that in a sense Kim Carsons comes closer to being an alter ego than any other of my characters. In that sense, yes, but it has very little to do with autobiography.

Q: Did you collaborate closely with Howard Brookner, the director of *Burroughs: The Movie*?

A: No, I didn't collaborate at all. Originally, it was fifty hours of film and then he made the final selection and cut it down to eighty minutes. I had nothing to do with the selection, nor did I have anything to do with structuring the film. I would have made different choices, but then practically

anyone would. You give me five people fifty hours of film to select eighty minutes and you're going to have five different films.

Q: Does the movie cover a particular period of time? What does it have in it?

A: Well, it's got all sorts of things. It's got interviews with various people. It's got an interview with my old gardener who is now ninety years old. It has an interview with my brother, who is now dead, and with Allen Ginsberg and different people. It has some readings of different selections. It has a whole variety of things. It even has some films I made with Anthony Balch. He was a film director and distributor who lived in London, who is also dead. We made a couple of short films together.

Q: How do you respond to critics?

A: Not at all. There are so many good ones and so many bad. It's been going on since my first reviews. That's an old one, really. People panned *Naked Lunch*. Now they say, "What happened to the man who wrote *Naked Lunch*?" Well, you're going to get good ones and bad ones. Generally speaking, my criticism has been immoderate. It's been very good or very bad. There haven't been very many in the middle.

Q: Of all the Beat writers, it seems to me that Ginsberg made the biggest impact on the hippy counterculture. You, however, have become more the hero of the punk underground. Do you see that distinction and do you have any thoughts on it?

A: No, I don't think it's a real distinction. It's just that the punk underground happens to be going on now and the hippy and beat movements are sort of out of date. Allen, I think, is quite as much a part of the punk generation as I am.

Q: A St. Louis rock magazine recently published an article in which the writer claimed that he picked you up hitchhiking in Colorado. (7) Your management wrote then a letter denying the story, which they printed along with a response that essentially rejected the denial. Can you clear this one up once and for all?

A: It's absolute rubbish. I called up and they said it's no harm as it is. Fabrications are harmless. I said that no fabrication that pretends to be true when it isn't is harmless. The whole thing is absolutely

ridiculous. First, he had me with a chauffeur's license. I don't even have a driver's license. I haven't driven in thirty years. Hitchhike? I never hitchhiked in my life. I don't say that as anything to be proud of, I just don't like contact with strangers. I never did hitchhike. So the whole thing is absurd. They publish something like that and then when I say it isn't true, they try to call me a liar. I know where I was.



Notes:

1. Harper Barnes, "William Burroughs Comes Home," *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, April 5, 1981, p. 111.

Florence Shinkle, "Made -In St. Louis ... Burroughs Fled Life of Privilege," *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, August 14, 1983, p. 1D.

Harper Barnes, "William Burroughs' Return," *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, March 23, 1984, p. 1E.

2. "Ex-St. Louisan Held for 'William Tell' Killing of Wife," September 8, 1951.

"Slayer of Wife Admits They Had Sued For Divorce," September 9, 1951.

"Mexican Court Holds Burroughs in Wife's Killing," September 11, 1951.

"St. Louisan Seeks Freedom in Mexico in Wife's Killing," September 12, 1951.

"Injunction Blocks Burroughs Trial in Mexico City," September 13, 1951.

"Burroughs Freed on Bail in Mexico," September 21, 1951.

"Ex-St. Louisan Must Stand Trial for Killing Wife," November 18, 1951.

"Burroughs to Re-Enact Fatal Shooting of Wife," August 6, 1952.

"Burroughs Re-Enacts Slaying of His Wife," August 28, 1952.

3. Michael Goodman, *Contemporary Literary Censorship: The Case History of Burroughs' Naked Lunch* (New Jersey: Scarecrow Press of Metuchen, 1981), pp. 1-317.

4. Andrew Weil, *From Chocolate To Morphine* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1972), p. 23.

5. "Former Teacher at WU Slain in East by Youth," *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, August 17, 1944.

"No Bail for Carr in Kammerer Slaying," *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, August 18, 1944.

"Lucien Carr Indicted on Murder Charge in Killing of Kammerer," *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, August 25, 1944.

"Pleads Guilty of Manslaughter in Kammerer Death," *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, September 16, 1944.

"Lucien Carr Given Indeterminate Term," *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, October 7, 1944.

6. In 1976, Bob Dylan asked Burroughs to join his Rolling Thunder Revue and appear in the film, *Renaldo and Clara*, at Allen Ginsberg's suggestion. ("What would he do?" asked Dylan. "He would be William Burroughs!" responded Ginsberg, and an invitation was sent.) Although Burroughs contributed regularly to *Rolling Stone*, appeared on *Saturday Night Live*, and with Laurie Anderson in albums and films, he turned down the offer because he felt he could not hold the attention of Dylan's audience. In an interview with Victor Bockris, Burroughs recalls that he met Dylan for the first time in Greenwich Village in 1965, where Dylan told him that he "had a knack for writing lyrics and expected to make a lot of money."

Victor Bockris, *With William Burroughs* (New York: Seaver Books, 1981), p. 35.

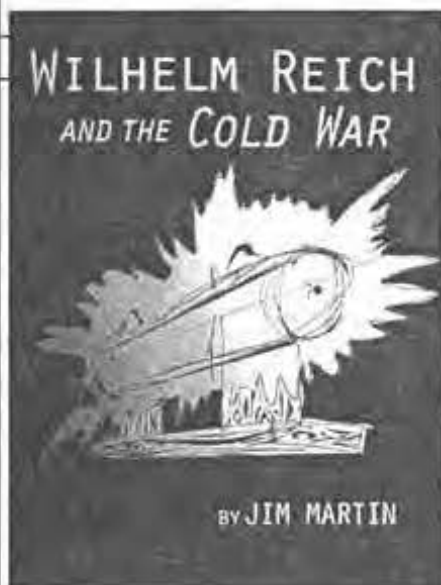
7. Paul Williams, "Wild Lunch With Naked Bill," *Jet* Lag 40, December 1983, pp. 28-29.



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"Excellent job in digging up fascinating facts supporting the more remarkable claims of Wilhelm Reich as made during his last years, filling in details about his Tucson desert-greening experiments, his UFO observations, and so much more. Martin also sheds light on the dark side of Reich's detractors during that same period, exposing the people who publicly threw dirt and stimulated the FDA attack which led to the burning of his books and Reich's death in prison. They were, just as Reich claimed, deeply committed Communists (with a capital 'C'), possibly even paid Soviet agents as well. Some have chosen to view Reich's work and claims during his last years as evidence of delusion or paranoia - Martin provides additional proof that Reich was correct." -James DeMen, author of *Sabazasia: the 4000 BCE Origins of Child Abuse, Sex-Repression, Warfare and Social Violence in the Deserts of the Old World* (1998).

"Jim Martin's tenaciously thorough research and lucid engaging style combine to offer a fascinating insight into the latter years of Reich's life, a period sadly neglected by many other biographers. His meticulous digging into Reich's labyrinthine past has turned up some startling connections with other historical figures (eg Kim Philby) and offers a desperately needed fresh insight into the complex issue of Reich's downfall in the 1950s. Recommended." -Jon East, British film & television producer/director.

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*Table Tapping into The New Millenium,
Part Two*

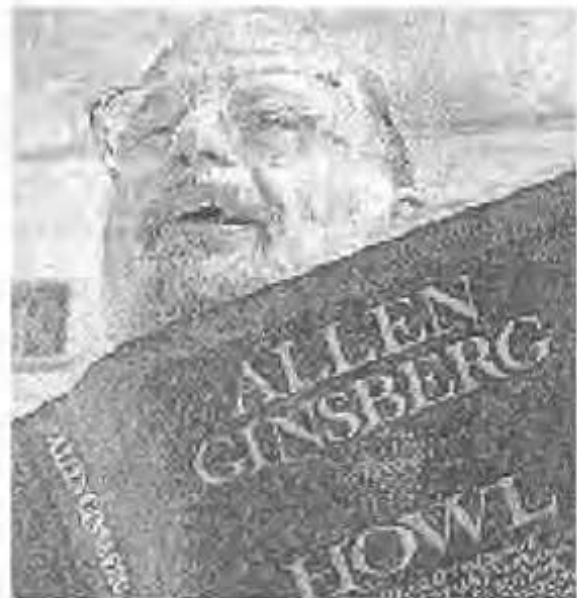
ALLEN GINSBERG previously unpublished interview

Q: How do you feel about your role as official spokesman for the Beat generation?

A: I think Burroughs is that. Burroughs takes precedence. He's far wittier. Quite competent to take of that. I spoke to him just a few minutes ago, actually. He's doing a lot of writing and painting a lot. He just had a big show in New York. He's from here, in St. Louie. But I feel quite comfortable talking for myself, ceratianly, as one of the people who was involved with the Beat Generation, whatever that was, at least the literary aspect.

Q: It has been romanticized and de-romanticized a lot.

A: I think now, after thirty years or so, what's coming through is the literature and some of the basic principles. The notion of candor, openness, some kind of hot heart and enthusiasm comes through. I think that's why I'm finding a lot of high school kids coming out to readings now. I did readings in Boise, Idaho and Orange County and then in Seattle and about a third of the audience was high school age, who are now in a retro-mood, rediscovering Kerouac, Burroughs and Gregory Corso and my own work. Gary Snyder and others. What seems to be coming through is a concern for ecology, concern with eastern thought, meditation practice, maybe some re-evaluation of the useful educational role of the psychedelics and marijuana, rejection maybe of the Reagan/Bush drugs, cocaine, the ones they were dealing to support the contras. Maybe a demystification of the government, or the neo-conservative government, particularly marked with the fall of Bush after that big hysteria about war. And the demystification of J. Edgar Hoover as a drag queen! Because he was the acme and icon of the right wing, sour puss sector of the population. Now all of a sudden it turns out that he was a complete hypocrite. So, from that point of view, people are smarter than they were in the 50s. Maybe something of the sort of eagerness and insights that we had earlier are coming through.



Q: Does this give you a sense of hope?

A: No, I don't think hope or fear or relevant. It's more a question of, as Burroughs says, facts. The debt, for instance, was apparently a deliberate attempt to bankrupt the country so that we wouldn't be able to have any more welfare programs. David Stockman, the budget director, told that to Ben Bradlee. Remember that? David Stockman had a series of interviews with Newsweek and he wrote a book and he talked to Ben Bradlee off the record. One of the things he said was that Reagan deliberately tried to bankrupt the country by excessive military spending to starve out the welfare state. Do you remember that? That was part of the trauma that the conservatives dealt as well as the wrecking of the family farm, hyper-militarization with debt. Clinton is certainly a lot more is more cheerful. Less of a sour puss, less glum. Less of a depressant. But I don't see how he can overcome the substantive wounds that have been left behind.

Q: What would you say to a young person in America who wants to be a poet?

A: Write poetry! Learn how to meditate. Go to the movies. Read books. Read a lot of old poetry.

Q: Who are the people that you like to read?

A: Now? Among lesser known poets or better known poets?

Q: Just who do you enjoy particularly right now?

A: Gregory Corso remains a top one. I've been reading a lot of posthumous Kerouac poems. I just wrote a preface to *Pomes All Sizes* that came out from *City Lights*, a posthumous book of poems by Kerouac. Ann Waldman. Diane Di Prima. Gary Snyder and Michael McClure and Philip Whalen, whom I've always been associated with. Robert Creeley. Among lesser known poets, I'd say John Williams. Antler from Milwaukee. Andy Blosen from Oakland. David Cope from Grandville, Michigan. Eliot Katz from New Brunswick, also David Greenberg, who is only 21, from New Brunswick, who is a pretty good poet. Bunch of others.

Q: Where do you see poetry going?

A: It's not going anywhere. It's where it always is. It always has the same function of being candid representation of actual private life.

Most public language has been manipulated if not predatory

Q: Poetry is something you create from something spontaneous?

A: No, just the opposite. The mind moves as you become familiar with what is spontaneously arising in your mind. You never know what you're going to think in a minute. You never know your next thought. You can't plan thinking. In that sense, it's spontaneous totally, so what's deliberate or created is your awareness of the flow of spontaneous thought. You can boil it down to one slogan: Catch yourself thinking.

Q: What is poetry versus prose?

A: Is there a "versus" involved there? I don't think there is. They are inter-changeable. Like the best of Melville, Joyce, Proust, Kerouac, Burroughs, Lawrence, Rabelais, are prose/poetry. Thomas Wolfe. The best of it. Some of the best of Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Whitman and others, write prose. So at a certain point the distinction between prose and poetry need not be made, especially if you ask the simplest question, is the Bible prose or poetry? Job? Is that prose or is that poetry? It's written in paragraphs. It isn't poetry as poetry is thought of when you're being academic about it. One distinction I would make is that to write a novel, a prose novel, takes a lot more

patience for the application and maintenance of a long-range visualization than poetry. Burroughs, for instance, lives with his characters for years at a time.

Q: What about the relationship between art and enlightenment?

A: I don't think there is any such thing as enlightenment. That's a traditional Buddhist view, there is no enlightenment.

Q: Well, you're already enlightened.

A: That's what they say, everyone is always enlightened. It's just a question of recognizing. Or recognizing what aspect of your nature is already enlightened and trusting that. It turns out to be the most obvious. In Zen people talk about ordinary mind as the enlightened stage.

Q: And what about madness.

A: Well, I would say that enlightenment is total sanity. But some forms of wisdom are called "crazy wisdom." According to the Shambala teaching of Chogyam Trungpa, who was my teacher, the characteristics of the Shambalan enlightened warrior, such as it is, is meekness, sparkiness or perkiness or mindliness, outrageousness and inscrutability. All that comes from the simple fact that his head is completely empty so he doesn't know anything anymore than anyone else does. Or at least he realizes he doesn't know anything, so it gives him the meekness. And because things rise spontaneously, it gives him the sparkiness. And because he never knows what's going to arise, it might be outrageous. And at the same time, because he never knows in advance what's happening except by recognizing it, he becomes inscrutable. So that the Chinese laundryman with the toothpick in his mouth is inscrutable because his head is empty, that's all, not because he knows something different from the westerner, but because the westerner has constantly got his head full of ideology.

Q: You were talking before about psychedelics being used with meditation...

A: Meditation might be the ground. People who are going to use grass or psychedelics, they should first ground themselves in meditation or center themselves so that they don't get entangled in their own projections. I like a little marijuana once in a while, like for looking at artworks maybe even for having ideas for revising things. It kind of breaks up your

fixated mind. I haven't had any psychedelics for a long time. I've had ecstasy and found that it was useful in resolving some hatreds I have. It creates a lot of empathy, realizing that people I thought were enemies were actually major characters in the drama of my existence and kind of dear because of that. Ecstasy is misnamed because it's really empathy. Some hippy dippy exaggerated bad poet called it Ecstasy.

Q: You're a teacher in a broad sense...

A: No, I'm a professor of English at Brooklyn College. I've had more experience in the last twenty years at Naropa Institute.

Q: Do you see young people as having changed particularly or not?

A: Young people are always young people. They're sexy and they're eager and they're open and they're interested, unless they have been thwarted.

Q: What do you think is most important to try to teach them?

A: I encourage them to write and maybe figure out what would liberate them to express themselves. Try to figure out what area of secrecy is inhibiting their candor, or preventing them from being candid.

During the tape flip, some discussion ensued about Kenn Thomas' then recent suspension from St. Louis' KDHX radio for broadcasting a lecture by Abbie Hoffman that included the word "fuck". Ginsberg discussed recent legal maneuvering to help protect broadcasting his poem, Howl. The tape resumed as he listed groups and people involved...

Burroughs, myself, Michael McClure, Eileen Miles, the PEN club, Emergency Civil Liberties Committee and the Benowitz and Boudeen law firm, and we won and got a stay of execution of that law so that there is safe harbor now from 8PM to 6AM. So you naturally would get in trouble between 6AM and 8PM. You have to respect that, because you could lose our station a license. Because it's a death sentence. It's not like a book being seized from a publisher nowadays, where just the one book is seized. But here you get the whole station closed down. So it's better to fight it legally than to try and make the station back you up and lose its license. So if you were improvident in doing that, no wonder you had trouble.

Q: The program was from 7 to 8, though.

A: You have to know the law. 7 to 8 is not safe harbor yet. Unless you are prepared in advance with a back-up with a whole bunch of lawyers, I have no sympathy for your improvident tactics! Never pick a fight you can't win. Or try not to pick fights you can't win. Not never, but best to pick your own territory and fight on the territory where you can win. Why give them a victory and cost the station a lot of money?

Q: Well, it happened a couple of times and I have become a little more careful about picking cuts that don't have the language, but that puts me in a position of censoring.

A: You're not in a position of censoring. The station is censoring because the station can lose its license. It's Jesse Helms censoring it and it's the Congress. So you can acknowledge it as censorship, tell your audience it's being censored, but know which hours are uncensored. I wouldn't get on a station and try

**"I read what he said in a newsmagazine,
blew my mind, realized others like me out
there"**

**Deaf & Dumb bards with hand signing
quick brilliant gestures**

**Then journalists, editors' secretaries,
agents, portraitists & photography
aficionados, rock critics, cultured laborers,
cultural historians come to witness the
historic funeral**

**Super fans, poetasters, aging Beatniks &
Deadheads, autograph-hunters,
distinguished paparazzi, intelligent
gawkers**

**Everyone knew they were part of "History"
except the deceased**

**who never knew exactly what was
happening even when I was alive**

-from *Death & Fame*, 2/22/97

**Allen Ginsberg
6/3/26-5/5/97**

and read *Howl* before 7PM if that'd get them in trouble just for my egocentric blathering. Why not wait until 8 O'clock? Besides which, I think ultimately the laws will fall. So rather than getting angry, what I did was literally organized a consortium of lawyers as soon as I heard that Helms' law had come in. And we won, so far in every state.

Q: I wonder if the station owners and program directors are that aware of the law.

A: You might tell them. If they need to be told, get a letter from the ACLU or the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. You can get copies of the judicial decisions from the FCC at this point. But right now the law banning everything up to midnight has been given a stay by appeals judges in Washington, DC, quite a liberal group that will probably throw the law down. The arguments will be held in the fall. Safe harbor is 8PM to 6AM right now.

Q: So I just have to get my program moved to an hour later?

A: Yes. It's very simple.

Q: I am sure that if I did that I would still get kicked off the air just as well. The station is not looking at the actual law but to its own rules and perception.

A: But their argument is that they have to worry about the FCC regulations. If you can point out exactly what it is, you may have a personality conflict, but you don't have a real technical problem. You're in a much better ground if you confront them with the law than if you're just blowing hot air at them.

Q: You spoke a few minutes ago about revising. I wonder if you could talk about what happens when you sit down to do it?

A: I generally depend on the first draft. If my attention is focused on the visual material passing through my mind, or whatever thought forms rise, then there might not be much need for revision, like in *Sunflower Sutra*. If I get distracted and vaporize off into abstraction and generalization or filler material then I have to move past all that. If I am inattentive and I don't really catch the right picture or draw the word from the vivid picture, then I might have to fill in the picture later. I try not to revise too

much, except blue pencilling and getting rid of extraneous syntax.

Q: So if you were composing, you would just continue on.

A: I wouldn't stop! No, no, no. Not in the middle of writing. Big mistake.

Q: Even if you were aware that you were getting distracted?

A: No. Kerouac has an interesting phrase: "Don't stop to think of words but to see the picture better." That really solves that problem.



Q: How are your poetics compatible with the poetics of people you mentioned, like Rimbaud and Blake, for instance, who are not exactly observationally oriented?

A: Maybe it's totally incompatible. But on the other hand, I never felt that consistency was a virtue. We were talking about this in class just yesterday, that Blake has a high degree of symbolic la-dee-dah and abstraction. Then we started looking at the poem "London" and it was vivid, very vivid, visually, "I wandered through the chartered streets..." Already a very clear awareness that the streets are rented out and owned by other people and he's wandering lonely through other people's property.

Q: The charters were companies and corporations of their day.

A: Yeah. The "mind-forged manacles" is a little abstract, but it's still chains. Chains forged by the

mind. Not exactly William Carlos Williams naturalistic vividness, but it's close enough.

Q: What are you most proud of?

A: Me? What I've done or of what happened on earth? I don't know. I've written some real good poems in the last couple of years. Some funny, trickster poems and a long poem called Charnel Ground. And I'm just putting together now a four CD set of material that has not been heard, some of it has, but maybe about a half hour of music I did with Bob Dylan in the 70s and 80s. The first complete reading of Howl has been retrieved by a rare tape, and the very first reading of "Sunflower Sutra" in America, in Berkeley in 1956, will be on it. A really outrageous gay poem called "Please, Master", I did a beautiful reading of that, and it's a difficult poem to read. Some rock'n'roll songs about meditation done with Dylan. And Blake stuff that has been out of print for all these years, a lot of that will be included.

Q: Songs of Innocence and Experience?

A: Yeah, including volume two, which I never had a chance to put out. So I have five or six songs from that, including a version of Blake's "Spring" with Dylan, playing and singing back-up. A nice version. We're working with Hal Wilner, a producer who made the last Burroughs record and the Charlie Mingus new album, Thelonius Monk and Marian Faithful and my last album, called *The Lion For Real*. So he's like a really extraordinarily literate producer with a wide range of ideas. He's produced music for *Saturday Night Live*. He specializes in bringing together all sorts of disparate. Strange, interesting musicians, working together.

So I'm really happy with all that.

Questioners included Kenn Thomas, Michael Castro, Andrea Murray and Susan Waugh.



"Elites do their best to inhibit an active historical consciousness, yet history affects us all."

Books by Len Bracken



Essays and actions, using essays and aphorisms as instruments of actions. Features the ghostwritten master's thesis "The Zerowork Theory of Revolution including a General Theory of Civil War." Illustrated with photos by the author. *Guy Debord - Revolutionary* (Feral House) A critical biography written in Plain English that chronologically follows the radical theorist's fascinating life and work. Generous philosophical and historical background. Illustrations. Features a concise history of May 1968 Paris and a direct explanation of Debord's famous book, *Society of the Spectacle*, with each thesis under discussion edited for clarity. Includes the author's translation of Debord's board game, *Game of War*.

Translations: *The Right to Be Lazy* by Paul Lafargue (Fifth Season) The sublime refusal-of-work text by Marx's son-in-law in a stylish new translation. *The Real Report on the Last Chance to Save Capitalism in Italy* by Gianfranco Sanguinetti (Flatland) Neo-Machiavellian analysis of Italian politics first published anonymously and deceptively by the author of *On Terrorism and the State*. Includes the translator's "From the Egg to the Apples" chronology of the strategy of tension.

Available from Left Bank Distribution (www.leftbankbooks.com): *Aphorisms Against Work* (Epoch Communications - second edition, pocket-size booklet). *On the Line with Len Bracken* (Epoch Communications - sixty minute CD) "BBC" partytime interview on the author's rants. Additional cuts: *Antiwork Tango* and *Discourse on Solar Economics*.

**Table Tapping Into The New Millenium,
Part Three**

TIMOTHY LEARY

previously unpublished interview



Q: Let's just give the people a little bit of background, because some may not be old enough to remember when you were beginning your LSD experiments at Harvard.

A: Before that, I discovered America, you know. I led the revolution against King George. I wrote Huckleberry Finn. And then I went to Harvard and we got involved in LSD. Yeah, that's true.

Q: Were you kicked out of Harvard because of the experiments?

A: No. I've been kicked out of a lot of places for one thing. All I stand for is, I tell people, "Think for yourself and question authority." That's the most subversive, most dangerous thing you can say. Think for yourself. Don't believe what religious authority says or political authority. Think for yourself. And that's why I got kicked out of a lot of places, and was glad to be kicked out.

Q: In *Flashbacks*, you describe your prison experience and being held by Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria.

A: I was in 39 jails and prisons over a period of eight years for possession of less than a half-ounce of

marijuana. I was imprisoned because I was saying what I am saying to you now. Think for yourself. Don't believe politicians, priests, rabbis, think for yourself. That's a very dangerous thing to say. Socrates said it first. Now, specifically, which prison do you want to talk about.

Q: The one that you were broken out of by Weather underground.

A: That was Vacaville.

Q: Was that the same prison that G. Gordon Liddy was serving time in?

A: Hahahaha! This is a prison travelogue! I was in several prisons that Gordon Liddy was in. They were federal prisons. The federal prison in San Diego, the federal prison in Missouri. But San Quentin and Vacaville are California prisons. Now, I want to tell you that if any of you out there are listening to me, I'm sure a lot of you are going to be in prison soon. You know why? Because the number one industry in America is building prisons. Now America has three times more prisoners than any, any country in the world. South Africa, China are nothing. So many of those listening to me are probably going to end up in prison some time. You got to a Swiss prison. In Switzerland, you get good treatment. The Swiss know how to run a hotel. Stay out of southern prisons. My brothers and sisters in prison, believe me, I'm with you! It's a scandal, it's a disgrace, to live in a country that is the number one imprisoning country in the world. There are kids spending twenty years in prison for a little marijuana or one or two does of LSD. Grateful Dead heads are being sent up for ten or fifteen years. Yeah, it's a totalitarian system and I'm with the prisoners all of the way. I've spent five years in prison, I escaped from prison and you don't know anything about America until you've been in one of those prisons and see how the prison industry works. You have to have someone to bust to keep the system going.

Q: Is it true that on at least one occasion you called G. Gordon Liddy responsible for your incarceration?

A: No one's responsible for my incarceration! I belong in prison in Russia or in China or Reagan/Bush/Nixon America-I belong in prison! No one person put me in prison. I'm a philosopher. I'm out to destroy the old, right-wing-Republican-Pentagon-CIA system. It's totalitarian! They make you pee in a bottle. They've got their noses in

women's reproductive tracts, telling women what to do. Prayer in school. Meanwhile, the whole system is collapsing. No education, no health care. Kids are being neglected, and look at what they're concerned about. America today is worse than the Soviet Union was under Stalin. Know why? At least there you knew that Stalin was evil, evil, evil guy who throwing people into prison and killing them. Here, they're getting away with, they're getting away with, they're getting away with it...

Q: Did you hear this sound bite from Leonard Peltier [replays sound bite from earlier in the program]; "This is Leonard Peltier, number one political prisoner in the United States, locked up in a federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas..."

A: Is Leonard listening right now?

Q: No, he's not.

A: I know who he is and I've followed his career for a long time. I have a lot of friends in the AIM movement and best wishes to you Leonard! We'll get you out! But anyway, I'm with you.

Q: Hunter S. Thompson suggested that G. Gordon Liddy may have been Deep Throat in Watergate. Do you believe that?

A: Who gives a F U you know what? Who cares about that? That's all past. I'm concerned about Dan Quayle getting in front of America and saying "There's good and bad. We're good and they're bad. There's right and wrong." Can you believe that fascist Ayatollah Khomeini fundamentalist Islamic? Holy people and bad people. And I'm a bad person. You know why? I'm a mildly enthusiastic person wanting to get Clinton elected. I don't like Clinton, but he's better than Bush. And here's Quayle telling me I'm an evil person.

Q: Now you said you discovered America and wrote *Huckleberry Finn*. Were you referring to reincarnation?

A: I just got back from a party and I'm stoned and having fun. Of course I was there with George the Third. I knocked those redcoats back to the sea and we threw the king's tea in to the Boston harbor. You remember that.

Q: Of course, were you ever a woman in past lives?

A: When I was lucky! By the way, if we're going to talk about that, I think that the key issue in politics today and the key issue in government today is the fact that for the last 25,000 years, women and children have been systematically, relentlessly put down by men. Thank God we're going to see a change in that. The main thing in politics now is gender and age and race. It's thrilling to see. Many men, good guys, don't realize the power of this women's movement. Any of you guys out there, just talk to an intelligent woman and look them in the eyes and say, "hey, what's going on?"

The hippy movement was great but it was very macho. All these hippy guys with a swagger, they'd have a little woman at home. I spent the evening tonight with a woman named Anita Hoffman. She was Abbie Hoffman's wife. She was a real heroine. She was out there with Abbie, one of the leaders of the yippies. She's now working at a laser disk, computer graphics, hotshot company in Santa Monica. She's into the new move of the cybernetics. And she told me just tonight that she was so naïve back in the sixties that she was happy to be Abbie Hoffman's wife. He was a hero and she was just there to serve him. This is the female leader of the yippies saying that. But she's changed her mind now.

Q: Does she believe that the CIA killed Abbie Hoffman?

A: No. Abbie Hoffman had a terrible disease called manic depressive psychosis. It's a disease. We had all been worried about Abbie for months and months, for two or three years. No, the CIA did not kill Abbie Hoffman. He was very sad. He was physically diseased. He nobly bore up under it.



Q: The last time you had a conversation with Kenn Thomas you were having an underwear modeling party at your house.

A: That was a funny interview! Well, it was not just underwear, it was robes and, yes. So we got on the radio Jerry Rubin, Paul Krassner, (see *Steamshovel Press* #7, "Tim Leary's Party")...

Q: In an interview with Kenn Thomas, Abbie Hoffman's brother stated that Abbie was coming out of his depression and never sounded more happy about being alive than in the few days before he died. [Note: the interviewer has this wrong. Jack Hoffman concurred with Leary's opinion that Hoffman committed suicide. See *Steamshovel Press* #4, "Tales of Hoffman"]

A: I want to tell you that Jack Hoffman, who is Abbie's brother-every one that knows Abbie, the family, are trying to make a lot of money writing a book saying these crazy things. Nobody that loved Abbie believes that. I was with Abbie Hoffman five days before he died, in Nashville, Tennessee. We were there with Bobby Seale, founder of the Black Panther party. And I was so upset at the way Abbie was falling apart that I phoned all of his friends, it's a matter of record, saying, "listen, call Abbie right away, because he's seriously in depression and getting deeper and deeper." The CIA is capable of any evil, they are totally evil. But on the other hand, we must be careful and precise and don't accuse them of things they didn't do. They've done many more things. The CIA did not kill Abbie Hoffman and it's disastrous to even imply that.

Q: Getting back to prisons, do you think that people in prison deserve to be there?

A: You are talking about hundreds of thousands of people. I don't know what "deserves" means. I think that mentally ill, violent people should be kept away from society. But they're releasing the killers out there. That's because the police want the killers out there. The dopers aren't going to be any trouble at all. My lecture now is a celebration, a reunion, a reaffirmation of the humanist feelings of the 60s and 70s. It's the basic belief that human beings are good. It's an update of current events and a plan for a great future.

Q: What has the 60s given the 90s?

A: It wasn't the 60s. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry

David Thoreau were against the Mexican War and were leading their counterculture. The counter culture is the basic American principle. Yankee Doodle Dandy. Throw the king's tea bags into the harbor! Americans are people that don't like police establishment authority and religious leadership. And that's the basic American tradition that has been subverted by the Republican Party, by Pat Robertson and the religious right. But Americans are thrilled at independence to speak up and say what they want and make fun of the government. The last thing they want to do is have a police state government interfering with people's lives, like women's reproductive rights, or interfering with our right to get high on vegetables in our homes on Saturday night. The American tradition is anti-establishment. American tradition overthrew all of the royalties. And now we got King Bush and Prince Quayle and the Party of God.

Q: I interviewed Ice T not too long ago and he said "when they say country under one God" they mean is a country under Christian religion and anyone who deviates from that can go to prison.

A: But I must say about Christianity: these are the right-wing fundamentalist, evil Christians that make Christ into some kind of a bloody God who wants to kill people who don't agree with him or her. There's a lot of good stuff in Christian notions of brotherhood and sisterhood and love, but the people that call themselves Christians are killers. They're just going to kill anyone who doesn't vote for Pat Robertson.

Q: How do you feel about the political scene?

A: None of us want politicians in Washington. We're against it. But the way to do that is to vote for the ones that are going to get power out. Bush is like Breshnev. So vote for Clinton and Hilary and Tipper and, what's Gore's first name?

Q: Al.

A: Yeah. They're like Gorbachev. They want to get control, but at least it's going to be a better control. They're going to give more power to the blacks and minorities and to the young people and to the gays and especially to the women. So you gotta vote for Hilary and Clipper. But then we want to get the next people. Yeltsin will come along. None of us like the central government in Washington, but we've got to vote for Clinton and Gore because they're going to loosen it up.

Q: As far as the point you made about Stalin, that the Soviet people at least knew that Stalin was horrible and America is worse because people don't know. I must disagree a little bit.

A: Ok, good! Understand that when I use the word Stalin, I'm trying to make the point that the totalitarianism in America is even more evil because you don't notice it. Did Stalin ever make people piss in bottles? Urine tests? Did he poke his nose into reproductive rights? Also, Stalin was dealing with an agricultural, rather primitive society that he took over. Whereas, the Republicans are now dealing with a very open-minded, sophisticated country. America is still getting away with a lot of the stuff that I would call totalitarian. Also, I say things just to get people thinking, when I say that Bush is worse than Stalin.

I'm experimenting with new techniques now, using computer graphic images which you put on the screen that can produce a mild trance state. Right brain activation. I try to give a little feeling of this new way of getting your right brain booted up, activating many circuits in your brain that are activated by psychedelic plants like marijuana, but with electrons. It's a very thrilling thing to be doing this in public and so far it's legal. It does teach us a lot about how the mind and the brain work. And the aim, of course, is to learn how to operate your mind, how to turn it on and turn it off, operate your brain, turn it on, turn it off, boot up new circuits. It's not as intense, but you can do the same thing with electrons. Don't tell anyone I told you this, this is a secret. You could get in trouble if anyone else knows it, but when you run these computer programs, it will allow you to put yourself in a trance state so that when you so that when you use some of those drugs you will do it with more proficiency and skill and precision. But tell anyone I told you that. I've got some incredibly brilliant young people in the rave movement, hyper-delic people. Psychic TV in England are preparing a tape for me. It will have twelve experimental trance situations. And when you walk in the room, on the seat there will be a list of the things we're trying to impress on your brain, things like "Think For Yourself" and how to use your brain. But if you don't want to be programmed, you don't have to do it. That's the courtesy of the electronic brain programming. We tell you what we are doing ahead of time and we're doing it to show you how you can program your own brain and not be programmed by NBC and all the political people, all those "Willie Horton's going to come get you", vote for George Bush, he'll protect you against Willie Horton.

Q: It's funny that George Bush would tell us about family values, the number one spy in the whole country. He's probably responsible of the murder of more families than anyone else in America.

A: I agree with you.

Q: I'd like to ask you about your beliefs in having your organs frozen and your brain for reconditioning in the future.

A: It makes common sense. At the present time, there are thousands of hearts that are being kept in banks so that if someone who has a good brain has a bad heart, they can take the heart out of the heart bank and put it in to the human being. I'm going to do that with my brain. In the future, when science knows how to do it, and there are very complicated problems of memory and storage of memories and digital reconstruction of personality. It's not easy. But I'm going to put my brain in a brain bank. I don't care whether I come back or not. My job as a philosopher is to demonstrate to people to not die passively. Plan your reanimation. Plan your deanimation. Don't just feed your body to the worms or to the barbecue oven. All of the religions want you to die when God wants you to die. The medical profession wants you to die when your Blue Cross runs. Society doesn't want you to take the decision and decide when and how you are going to d-animate. Make some plans to reanimate. One method I'm using is I'm going to have my brain put in a storage bank hopefully to be brought back.

Finally, I'll say one thing: in my will, I have instructions as to what kind of person I want to be brought back in. If my brain's going to be in the body of some-or they might even be able to clone me, and get my own body back-I have some choice over what kind of a body I want to come back in. More important is when. I do not want to be brought back in this life during a Republican administration. Good night!



LEGENDS OF NEAL

neal cassady as an urban legend

by Tom Christopher

From his birth on the road in Salt Lake City while his parents traveled in a truck with a cabin built on the back to his legendary last words in Mexico, few people of this century have been mythologized like Neal Cassady.

His unfinished autobiography, *The First Third* reads like a cross between Huck Finn and a sensational 1930s novel about life among the urban underclass. His cross country trips with Jack Kerouac, and later with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters have been thoroughly documented, and countless newspaper and magazine articles have been written from this source material. The legend continues. Two movies have been made about his life. Old school friends say to this day they've never met anyone like him. Ken Kesey was recently quoted as saying "There's something about Cassady that keeps this nation moving and meeting itself.(1)"

Cassady did some of his own mythologizing. At a loss for family history while writing the *Prologue to The First Third* he simply made one up, a fact he states clearly in the audio tape transcript that became part of Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Cody* (2). Only the events from the time of his birth in the *Prologue* can be verified, but the older stories, like the one of his great grandfather killing his own brother over a woman, and his mother's first husband having been the mayor Des Moines (3), have made their into Neal's biography as well as the biographies of his friends. It should be understood that the rest of the book can be shown as true, with school and welfare records verifying surprisingly small details, and a walk through the Denver neighborhoods Neal describes from his youth will give a first hand demonstration of how keen his memory was, writing 20 years later and thousands of miles away.

Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William S Burroughs, Ken Kesey, Carolyn Cassady, Jerry Garcia and countless others have testified to the reality of the attributes that define his character; his intelligence and physical stamina, his sexual prowess, his use of language and his memory tricks, his inspired driving and sledge hammer juggling, but there's another, smaller arena, where Cassady has become legendary without anyone knowing his connection to the Beat Generation or the Summer of Love, a place where Cassady's name itself is forgotten, but his deeds live on. At the Los Gatos Tire shop, 35 years after Neal last worked there, and 15 years since the owner retired, Neal is a working classhero, a real life John Henry, the man who could outwork a machine.

In 1958 Neal Cassady was sentenced to five years to life in San Quentin Prison for giving two joints to a cop. It's a complicated story that's told best by Carolyn Cassady in her book *Off The Road*. He was released 3 June 1960, and found that his drug offense made it hard to find work. He had worked as a tire recapper 20 years earlier in Denver, and he approached the owner of Los Gatos Tire Company and put his cards on the table in his usual straightforward and meticulous manner: he would be the perfect employee for two years, nine months, and twenty-four days, the length of his parole. The owner, who according to his children had led a pretty interesting life himself, was impressed with Neal and hired him on the spot.

The kind of work Neal signed on for as new man was hard and physically exhausting and Neal was 34 years old. Carolyn writes: "As usual, Neal astounded everyone with his speed and efficiency. Employers, employees and customers stood by and watched him with unabashed awe (4)."

Los Gatos Tire Company looks like a million similar industrial buildings. Built in the fifties as a tire center, with a couple of auto bays and an office off to the side. The building does it's job. It's well designed and still seems modern. The company has been there 50 years. Off to the side of the building, there are a couple of shallow ridges, each dropping three or four feet and then the property dips sharply out back, with railroad tracks at the bottom. Cassady used to have a Willies Wagon, which was the sports utility vehicle of it's day, and when arriving at work he would step out of the car at the first ridge, and turn off the engine, allowing the car to drift down to the second ridge where it would come to rest at the edge of the rise, just before the serious drop to the railroad tracks. He never missed.

While working he was still doing the car parking tricks that so impressed Kerouac and his high

school buddies before that. He would put a car in reverse on the slick cement floor, and hit the gas, making the tires bounce and the rear end squirrel around, and decelerating slowly till the tires could grip he would shoot the vehicle over to the racks, it's trajectory ending in a short squeal of skid as he hit the brakes.

Neal's dexterity with a sledge hammer a few years later is well known, but during this time he did some of the same tricks with a tire pry bar, which is like a shortie wrecking bar, used to pry the dense rubber of a tire away from the wheel. His favorite trick was to throw the bar down on its tip against the cement floor while walking. He would continue to walk as the bar bounced off the floor and over his shoulder and into his open hand.

Neal was an average sized guy. Five foot ten and a hundred and fifty pounds, but he could lift a truck tire that out weighed him by a hundred pounds with one hand, bounce it off the floor and using his hip for leverage propel it onto a rack six feet off the floor in one easy motion. Only the owner of the shop, a much bigger man was ever able to do likewise, and may have shown Neal the trick.

Despite his stamina and concentration, Neal did get tired, and parole or not, he was always burning the candle at both ends. Once, he was missing in the middle of a busy day, and when the other workers looked around, they found him asleep, standing up in the store room, a tire under each arm wedged into a stack on either side of him holding him up.

He had fallen asleep in mid stride

Neal worked at the tire company until his parole was over in the summer of 1963 and he was free to pursue other interests. The business was sold 15 years ago and the owner retired, but these stories have been passed down from worker to worker over the years. No one there knows that the guy who did this stuff was Neal Cassady, the secret hero of *Howl*, the Adonis of Denver, the fastest man alive, but they know that way long ago the craziest guy used to work there.

Notes:

(1) Associated Press (AP) 28 July 99

(2) Jack Kerouac. *Visions of Cody*, page 207, 218 Penguin edition. Thank you to Kim Spurlock for this reference

(3) The real story is that the uncle of his mother's first husband was City Boss of Des Moines in the turn of the century days of good ol' bare knuckle backroom politics.

Carolyn Cassady says Neal believed this story to be true. It may have been a story he got from his father, whose alcoholism may have led to some inadvertent mythmaking. Looking over old records, Mr Cassady seems never to have used the same birthday twice, and over the course of his life changed the spelling of his surname and dropped his middle name.

His wife was born Maud Webb Scheuer, but came to be called Jean, and the same confusion exists as to her birthdate.

(4) Carolyn Cassady. *Off the Road*. Page 350

Neal Cassady's autobiography, *The First Third* has been in print continuously since 1971. His correspondence with Allen Ginsberg was collected in *As Ever*, and his prison letters released as *Grace Beats Karma*. An audio tape transcript of a long conversation with Jack Kerouac makes up a large part of Kerouac's *Visions of Cody*. Audio and video tapes of his prankster days are available. An internet web search under his name is always interesting.



Neal Cassady

The two volume work *Neal Cassady*, an extraordinary collection of documents and time period artifacts from Cassady's life by Tom Christopher, is available for \$7.50 per volume from a local zine outlet or by calling 1-800-KEROUAC.

Kerouac's CITYCitycity

by Adam Gorightly

Having been a long time Kerouac devotee--and part-time Science Fiction enthusiast--I thought never the twain would meet, due to Kerouac's statement in his classic treatise, *Essentials of Spontaneous Prose*: "Modern bizarre structures (science fiction etc.) arise from language being dead, 'different' themes give illusion of 'new' life..."

It was Jack's contention that such artificial forms, i.e. Sci Fi, failed to capture the pure essence of speech; conversely, real themes taken from everyday life were more suitable vehicles for expressing the true voice of the Muse, much as jazz is the ideal framework for a saxophonist to "blow". This was how Kerouac saw the craft of writing, as a free-form improvisation--a la jazzman with sax--letting the subconscious mind blow mighty riffs of words on paper with stream of conscious abandon.

Saith Saint Jack again in *Essentials of Spontaneous Prose*: "If possible write 'without consciousness in semi-trance' (as Yeats' later 'trance-writing'), allowing subconscious to admit in own uninhibited interesting necessary and so 'modern' language what conscious art would censor, and write excitedly, swiftly, with writing-or-typing-cramps, in accordance with laws of orgasm, Reich's 'beclouding of consciousness'..."

Kerouac's criticism of science fiction was, in essence, a critique of all literature that relies on artificial constructs and formula. Kerouac himself was likened unto jazzman blowing his horn to high heaven, letting the spontaneous muse flow, free from the strictures of "literary convention." To Jack, writing was a form of sexual release, as jazz was a similar form of communication, or like Neal Cassady behind the wheel of a car, letting the cosmic flow of life direct his crazy caterwauling course, making mad history in the process.

Once, while perusing various Kerouac biographies, I happened across a reference to a science fiction story Jack wrote called *CITYCitycity*, which came as a bit of a surprise, outlining--as it did--Kerouac's version of a totalitarian cyber-society set

against the backdrop of a futuristic earth plagued by overpopulation and ruled by she-demon feminists. I thought: Jeez, Kerouac blowing a science fiction riff...Like, crazy!

According to Beat legend, around '55 Kerouac resumed work on *CITYCitycity*, a Sci-Fi story he began sometime during the heyday of the McCarthy hearings. Originally, Jack sent a draft to his friend William S. Burroughs in the eventuality that the two could develop the story together into a satiric novel, though nothing ever came of this prospective collaboration.

CITYCitycity was later sold for a whopping fifty dollars to the New American Reader and subsequently published in *The Moderns: An Anthology of New Writing in America*, edited by Leroi Jones. However, my search for the story proved no easy task, though I eventually tracked down this anthology, which was located in only four libraries across the globe: two in Great Britain, and two in the U.S. Finally, I was able to borrow a copy from Kansas State University, and at last lay my eyes upon this unheralded masterpiece depicting a Brave New World overrun with Thought Police and wondrous drugs that numb the mind to--that dirty word--"Activism". Writes Jack in *CITYCitycity*:

"Activated...a word written in black letters dripping with red ink...ACTIVATED, you'd see written on superseptic toilet walls of the cityCityCITY, with lewd drawings. It was a word whispered in dark sex rooms, turned into a colloquial dirty-word. "Activate me."

In his ultra-Orwellian tale, Kerouac paints a stark picture of the envisioned "antiseptic city", where such things as "pockets" have been outlawed, thus limiting the dumbed-down citizenry from concealing anything upon their bodies not authorized by the ruling faction. Mandatory drug ingestion and Multivision viewing are required for all inhabitants of cityCityCITY, as every "Deactivated person" is equipped with "...Brow Multivision set, just a little rubber disc adhering to the brow." Multivision is Kerouac's version of Orwell's "one eyed monster" staring into every living room and desiccated soul; much more far-reaching than mere TV, Multivision is the ultimate Cyberpunk nightmare, monitoring the lives of quiet desperation as they unfold on a planet where legalized murder is the only way to keep the population in check. As Jack explains the cityCityCITY method of population control:

"It was necessary at intervals to electrocute entire Zone Blocks and make room for a new group culled from slugs and miscalculations in the system. Deactivation which prevented people from leaving their own Zone Blocks, was a necessary caution

against the chaos which would have resulted from an overpopulated Movement over the crowded steelplate of the world. Migrating to other planets was out of the question; especially after centuries of Self Enforced Deactivation. Other planets in the immediate vicinity of earth had been denuded of life and turned into Deactivator Bases and Laboratories, Deactivating all that part of the universe around the earth. Outside raged the life of the Universe, where Activation reigned. Many were the spaceships from unknown planets who'd come crashing against the No-Zone of earth and disintegrated in midair; many the meteors met the same fate. Nobody questioned the wisdom of Master Center Love in refusing to have any contact with the rest of the universe..."

Viewed in conjunction with "L"--the Love Drug--the breastbones of the mirthless inhabitants of *cityCityCITY* are riveted with transmitters broadcasting their brainwaves to indicate if they are remaining in accordance with the messages--aired on Multivision--via Master Center Love(MCL), the central hub of this mass mind controlled civilization, Earth circa 2900 A.D. This breastplate disc also serves as a drug dispenser, keeping its users "pumped with "L".

Like novelist Henry Miller, Kerouac saw post-World War II America as an "air conditioned nightmare"; the freedom to be whatever one choose was rapidly diminishing during the reign of Eisenhower. Soon, he felt, we would all eventually become robotoids, totally controlled by government bureaucracies, and perhaps even told when to die, as envisioned in *CITYCitycity*.

The story--*cityCityCITY*--centers around a day in the life of a lad named M-80, who one morning makes the most amazing discovery on the streets of *cityCityCITY*...that of a pool of water.

"...(M-80's) heart thumped. He had never seen a pool of water in his life, except in Multivision in their history shows, showing how, in the days before rain was diverted from *cityCityCITY*, moisture used to fall from the skies and form in the streets and blocks of old cities. 'There's been a leak!' thought the kid frantically. 'What'll they say? Wow!'"

And with the discovery of this pool of the unexpected, a crack in the armor of uniformity and conformity has surfaced--no doubt caused by "Activists"--sending a ripple of wonderment and dread throughout *cityCityCITY*, that could only be squelched by way of state sanctioned euthanasia. For eons rain had been diverted by a giant umbrella of energy draped over *cityCityCITY*, of which:

"...every inch was covered with electronical steelplate. The ocean had long ago been covered with earth acquired from surrounding planets.

CITYCITYCITY was the world; every square inch of the world was covered with three types of Levels of *CITYCITYCITY*. You saw the skyline, of skyscrapers far away; then beyond that, like a ballooned imitation of the same skyline, rising way beyond and over it, vastly larger, the second level of *CITYCITYCITY*, the CITY level; beyond that CITY, like a dim cloud rose huge on the horizon a vast phantasmal skyline so far away you could barely see it, yet it rose far above the other two and far beyond. Those three levels were to facilitate the ingress of sunlight into the various people-flats. The *CITYCITYCITY* Tri-Levels were: one tenement ten miles high; the second, fifty miles; the third, a hundred miles high so that from Mars for instance, you saw the earth with its complete CITY



Cityscape painted by Jack Kerouac

everywhere looking like a prickly ball in the Void..."

Coupled with Kerouac's Orwellian vision, there is also a paranormal element to the story, no doubt inspired to some degree by his close association with Burroughs, whose slant on telepathic transmission via disembodied entities is clearly evident throughout *cityCityCITY*:

"...Ideas of Activation had b e e n brought onto the earth-globe via the only form of Activated life in the universe that was capable of penetrating the Great Electronics wall; beings on a level of certain rarity that enabled them to swim, veil-like, pale as ghis, through the Wall and through the people of earth, yet communicating thoughts and

ideas. For a long time they were said to be Tathagatas from a Buddha-land...

These Beings, these Activation Agents, were the terrors of the world; the troops of Devils of Gothic times were replaced by these pale phantasmal insinulators from Outside, called Actors. This name was referred philologically back to ancient times when disorderly elements were known as 'actors'...



...Illicit Actor Fumes were sold in forbidden little jars; Actor Fumes came from the emanation which an Actor left when it passed thru a jar, apparently by intention; the sniff of it had the peculiar effect of inducing a certain blissful feeling that was accompanied by a vitamin lapse, or false recharge, that made it impossible to inject L. (Love, the official CITY CITYCITY drug, used by everyone from birth, by law); with the effect of actor fumes, a man of this world was left wide open for telepathic messages from Actors infesting the air; nothing Multivision could send out could combat this, once the victim had a sniff of Actor Fumes, or Ghost, as it was called; it was so powerful and so sweet to the senses the weaker elements of the population were all addicted; it was easy to get, the Actors saw to that, by merely passing themselves through every jar in the world; jars became illegal...

If--back in the mid-50's--you'd given Ray Bradbury a few good hits of some Lebanese blond, this is just the type of mind-bending tale that would have emerged. *cityCityCITY* is a true a cyber punk precursor, written several decades before Science Fiction became "hip".

Look for it at an interlibrary loan near you!

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COMIC BOOK CONSPIRACY

A Poisonous Mushroom Growth: The Simple Art of Diversion

By Robert Guffey

In 1948 an invisible art form was consumed by fire all across this country. The first spark was lit by a children's writer named Sterling North. Don't be alarmed if you've never heard of him. After checking in almost a dozen libraries I finally discovered that North is the author of such yawn-inspiring masterpieces as *Abe Lincoln*, *Log Cabin To White House* and *George Washington, Frontier Colonel*. It's ironic but appropriate that long after the corpse of Mr. North has been devoured by worms, he is mainly known not for the stories he left to children, but for what he tried to steal from them like a witch in a fairy tale.

In a 1940 edition of the *Chicago Daily News* North fired the initial salvo against the comic book medium, calling it a "poisonous mushroom growth" of "graphic insanity" that used a "hypodermic injection of sex and murder" to corrupt America's youth from sea to shining sea. The effect of these illicit injections of crude four colors and "pulp paper nightmares is that of a violent stimulant," he claimed (Zone and Roblin 4).

Just showing a single panel to a child would cause him or her to go screeching out the door with knife in hand, ready to murder millions. To save America's youth from this creeping darkness gradually blighting land and sea, North demanded that Washington, D.C. step in and do something about this mess. After all, what were those darn politicians there for if not to save its citizens from the inconvenience of personal responsibility? Of course, the honorable Mr. North had only the children's best interests in mind. The fact that ten million comics were being sold every month in the year the *Chicago Daily News* article saw print, the fact that this rapidly growing medium was no doubt cutting into the sales of Mr. North's literary gems had absolutely nothing to do with his vehement attacks. Yeah, and Hearst didn't begin a propaganda campaign against marijuana so his paper industries wouldn't be hurt by alternative resources such as hemp. Yeah, and the

automobile companies didn't buy up all the street cars and railway systems in Los Angeles and melt them for slag in order to create a city dependent on fossil fuels. In America people never conspire against anyone else for economic or political gain. That only happens in other countries and in old Shakespeare plays. This is what public education has taught me, and I'm glad I could take this opportunity to set the record straight.

At any rate, Mr. North's frenetic warning against this "cultural slaughter of the innocents" went pretty much unheeded at first, but began to pick up steam when an individual named Dr. Frederick Wertham entered the picture and attempted to reduce the world of comic books into flakes of gray ash. He nearly succeeded.

The year was 1948. World War II had ended only three years before and the Cold War had just begun. The Cotton Mathers of America were furiously wriggling out of the woodwork, creating as much propaganda as possible to shift the nation's hatred away from Germany and Japan and onto the New Enemy: the USSR.

Never mind that Russia had nearly been devastated by the Germans during World War II and were in no shape to attack a small province much less the United States of America. Never mind the fact that General Reinhard Gehlen, a German intelligence specialist favored by Adolf Hitler, had been recruited by U.S. intelligence along with hundreds of other top-ranking Nazis under a covert program known as Project Paperclip to provide America with secret information on the Russians (Loftus and Aarons 15)-



52). Never mind that General Gehlen knew full well that Russia wasn't a threat to anybody and cooked up scary bedtime stories about "ten-foot tall Russians" in order to remain on the rather lucrative payroll of the Office of Strategic Services (Simpson 58-60). Never mind that this gleeful collaboration with Nazis led to the paranoia later spread by such wonderful personages as Joseph McCarthy, Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, George Bush, Ronald Reagan, and Oliver North (any relation to Sterling North?). Never mind that late in 1947 the U.S. Congress passed the National Security Act with nary a whisper of argument in order to give the CIA free reign to play in their global sandbox with as many of Gehlen's Raiders as they wished. Never mind all that. We as a nation in 1948 decided we had something far more important to worry about: comic books.

Clearly, 1948 was a year filled with enough paradoxes and irony to give Franz Kafka nightmares. This was the year when J. Edgar Hoover announced that crime comics were detrimental to the "American way of life." (Zone and Roblin 7). Wait a minute, let me get this straight. The same man who hated blacks while denying that he himself was half-black, the same man who wouldn't allow homosexuals to join the FBI while in his off-hours dressing up in pink nighties and performing oral sex on his faithful assistant Clyde Tolson, the same man who reaped millions from the Mafia's coffers while claiming that such an organization didn't exist except in the minds of total paranoids, declared comic books harmful to the "American way of life"? (For more detailed information on this heartening aspect of covert U.S. history please see the book *Official and Confidential* by Anthony Summers. Oh, by the way, I thought you might be interested to know that I'm currently looking at a facsimile of a comic book published in the mid-fifties; this comic was authorized by the FBI and has J. Edgar Hoover's face emblazoned on the cover. Above Jedgar's pug-nosed mug is the appropriate title: CALLING ALL BOYS! My, those "in the know" in Washington, D.C. must've had a field day with that one.) Which "American way of life" are you talking about, Jedgar? Are you talking about the "American way of life" that advocates hiring male prostitutes while vacationing in New Orleans and blackmailing the President of the United States into reappointing you as Director of the FBI? I suppose if one avidly read Superman as a child and believed the Man of Steel when he preached about "Truth, Justice, and the American Way" then that would put a bit of a crimp in Mr. Hoover's lifestyle.

Why, someone who bought into such subversive rhetoric might actually suggest that the Director of the FBI probably shouldn't be pulling in



two thousand dollars for every mob-backed horse race he bets two bucks on. Or as a certain Prince Hamlet once said, "There's something rotten in Santa Anita."

There was also something rotten in the studios of ABC radio on March 2nd, 1948 when drama critic John Mason Brown took to the microphone and declared comics to be "the marijuana of the nursery!" (Zone and Roblin 8). Boy, I'm sure that comment made both Hearst and North happy.

There was also something rotten in the May 29th, 1948 issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in which Dr. Frederick Wertham charged that comic books had caused children all around the country to suddenly go hi-diddle-diddle over the deep end and stab, shoot, beat, and otherwise annoy not only their peers, but (worst of all!) their elders as well. Apparently, these comics had even instilled in a couple of children the odd delusion that they were more intelligent than their parents and could decide for themselves what they wanted to read. Only the Devil himself could've been responsible for such sassiness.

Obviously, comic books were operating as a kind of mutant virus possessing the bodies of children like B-movie aliens from *The Village of the Damned*. This menace needed to be stamped out even if it took a posse of five hundred men to do it!

But such an endeavor didn't require five hundred men when Dr. Frederick Wertham was around to shoulder the responsibility. According to Ray Zone, on the third of September, 1948, Wertham delivered a speech "before the National Congress of Correction," calling for "a national ordinance to ban the sale of crime comics to children under fifteen



years of age., This led to a "ordinance limiting the sale of crime comic books" in at least fifty cities (18). Out of this hysteria grew a scarier phenomena: Angry parents held mass comic book burnings in Chicago, New York, and throughout the mid-West. Some parents even forced their kids to throw their favorite comic books into the fire.

A friend of mine once mentioned the above information in a political science paper on censorship. The professor returned this essay with a written comment that such burnings had never occurred. This is rather peculiar, considering the fact that voluminous footage of these events do indeed exist and can be seen (just to name one example) in Ron Mann's excellent 1989 documentary *Comic Book Confidential*. Go ahead, rent it. Pop it in the VCR. If you squint your eyes and tilt your head, you just might think you're watching a scene from Nazi Germany. Say, is that Reinhard Gehlen waving in the background?

While military officers in the Pentagon were smuggling Nazi war criminals into the United States with the help of Vatican "ratlines" (Simpson 176), Frederick Wertham was doing all he could to import a little bit of the old Fatherland to American soil as well--if not in the flesh, then at least in spirit. At around the same time that his learned diagnoses were inspiring book burnings all around the country, Wertham was also leading an attack against a brilliant psychiatrist named Wilhelm Reich (Sharaf 361). In 1933 Reich had fled his native Germany in order to avoid the same fate as his book *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, copies of which were burned *en masse* at the behest of the Gestapo (Reich xviii). After arriving in the Land of the Free, however, Reich was surprised to find the very same book being attacked by demagogues like Wertham. No doubt, Wertham was merely acting as a mouthpiece for the

American Psychiatric Association and the pharmaceutical industry, both of whom were slightly upset that Reich had discovered the means to cure cancer via orgone energy.

For some odd reason professional healers often get upset when an erratic individual in the medical community actually begins curing people. After all, why help patients get better when you can spend the time more wisely by whipping them into a vortex of fear with made-up sicknesses like "Anti-social Personality Disorder" and "False Memory Syndrome, that can be "treated" via expensive, weekly dosages of unpronounceable drugs usually ending in "drinell" or "zine"? I don't know how America could cope if all the medical doctors and psychiatrists disappeared tomorrow. Without them we wouldn't know that electro-shock therapy, Ritalin, Thalidomide, and Malathion spraying are all quite healthy for us whereas comic books can permanently damage one's central nervous system.

A WOMAN WHO'S RECENTLY TAKEN THALIDOMIDE: Say, Doc, look at my kid! What's the matter with him?

DOCTOR (perusing the child intently): Uh, is there something the matter with him?

WOMAN: Of course! He's just a big eyeball with eight pudgy feet!

DOCTOR: Ah, I see what you mean now. (Stroking his chin.) Hm . . . were you reading comic books at any point during the pregnancy?

In 1954, just two years before the American Food and Drug Administration would burn piles and piles of Wilhelm Reich's books by the decree of a court order, William Gaines was forced to testify at the Senate Investigation of Comic Books and Juvenile Delinquency (that's actually what it was called, folks, I ain't making it up). William Gaines was the publisher of the now infamous EC line of comics including *Tales From the Crypt*, *Weird Fantasy*, *Two-Fisted Tales*, as well as numerous other titles. Many of these comics featured the artwork of singular talents like Bernie Krigstein, Wally Wood, Harvey Kurtzman (Terry Gilliam's mentor, incidentally), Al Williamson, Graham Ingels--the list goes on and on. This small clique of artists who were merely attempting to tell good stories were suddenly his chin.) Hm - accused of being sicko-pinko-bastards out to pollute the precious bodily fluids of children the world over. It was up to their boss to pull them out of this mess.

During the Senate Inquisition Gaines held his own, verbally jousting with the politicians to such a point that the Chairman had to bang the gavel a couple of times to drown out his words. At one point a Senator held up an issue of *Crime Suspense Stories* with a severed head on the cover and said: "Here is your May issue. Do you think that's in good taste?" Gaines replied, "Yes sir, I do - - - for the cover of a horror comic." Anyone with an ounce of common sense would consider that to be a reasonable response. The Senate didn't think so.

Just as we see today with the television industry, all this hoopla and wagging-of-fingers from *White Guys In Neck Ties* caused the people under attack to regulate themselves. "In the United States of America we do not censor people. Instead we harass you and cling to your necks like rabid dogs until you censor yourselves. There's nothing the matter with that, is there?"

Sadly, inevitably, in September of 1954 the publishers were cajoled into forming the Comics Code Authority and appointed

... New York magistrate Charles F. Murphy as official "censor" to institute "the most stringent code in existence for any communications media. [Today, of course, we've grown beyond such immature candor and give our modern day Charles Murphys names like "the Head of Standards and Practices" rather than the far too blatant "official censor."] Horror and terror comics were banned and to receive the Comics Code Seal of Approval no comic books could "explicitly present the unique details and methods of a crime." (Zone and Rohlin 24) Gee, I wonder what crimes they're talking about? Like smuggling Nazis into the country? Like being on the take from the mob? Like propositioning young boys? Back in 1954 if the Senate had completely ignored comics and instead held the Senate Investigation of the Pentagon and J. Edgar Hoover, the United States would be filled with a bunch of happy campers right now.

The parallels between 1954 and today are eerily similar. Where once it was J. Edgar Hoover proclaiming comics to be a threat to the "American way of life" we now have Janet Reno saying the same damn thing about television. Instead of grabbing a fire extinguisher and putting out that conflagration she lit with utter gleefulness in Waco, she's holed up in her office writing TV scripts. "This is the way they oughta be written--you know, without all that sex and violence stuff in it." Meanwhile, this is the same woman who couldn't find any organized crime in Dade County while serving as Florida's assistant State Attorney, an act tantamount to accidentally overlooking the Grand Canyon while riding a pack

mule through it. This is the same woman who covered up the rampant vote fraud in Florida discovered by James and Kenneth Collier back in 1972 (Collier and Collier 125-26). This is the same woman who's been known to love little girls as much as Lewis Carroll, the only difference being there's no photographic evidence of Carroll's predilections (Kawaja). And yet this overgrown gargoyle of a woman somehow thinks she's in a position to tell TV studios what they can and cannot put on their airwaves?

Unfortunately, she's absolutely right. The studios instantly rolled over and formed their own ratings system just like the comic book companies did forty-two years ago. Because of this restrictive Code of Approval it took mainstream comics over thirty years to reach the superior level where they now reside. Graphic novels like *From Hell* by Alan Moore (Another of Alan Moore's comics that might interest you is his collaboration with Melinda Gebbie: *Lost Girls*, a mannered pornographic tale about a lesbian love affair among the grown-up Alice, from *Alice in Wonderland*; Dorothy, from *The Wizard of Oz*; and Wendy, from *Peter Pan*. It's heartily recommended!) and Eddie Campbell, Chester Brown's *Ed the Happy Clown* and Daniel Clowes' *Like a Velvet Glove Cast in Iron* are just a few examples demonstrating the excellence the comics medium can attain when it's unhindered by government-dictated rules and regulations.

Along with jazz, comic books are one of the few internationally renowned indigenous American art forms. Due in no small part to the efforts of Blue Meanies like Sterling North, however, it has more often than not been regulated to the invisible outposts of America's culture. What is it about this medium that so frightens the congenitally Serious? Is it because comic books, like jazz, have always been a home for society's dregs? According to Franklin Rosemont both art forms were equally subject to derision by the guardians of bourgeois High Culture. These two despised media were thus well situated to express the deep and secret longings of the most despised sectors of the population: the most exploited of the proletariat, immigrants, blacks, slum-dwellers, hoboes, drug victims, prostitutes, lunatics, and jazz musicians. (62)

Again and again throughout this century we hear the members of the above list being derided as "useless eaters," a phrase used by Goebbels to describe everyone in Germany not exactly like him. If you think about it, the phrase "a poisonous mushroom growth" isn't all that dissimilar to the rhetoric used against the outcasts of Nazi Germany. Goebbels, of course, was a "sterling" pillar of virtue

in his community. He was also quite conversant in the techniques of propaganda, and knew full well that the greatest political tool is always distraction. If it's not comic books turning your kids into killers, it's marijuana. If it's not marijuana, it's heavy metal. If it's not heavy metal, it's Dungeons and Dragons. If it's not Dungeons and Dragons, it's Saturday morning cartoons. If it's not Arabian terrorists trying to hunt you down, it's redneck terrorists. If it's not a black ex-convict named Willie Horton stalking the streets of well-to-do white neighborhoods, it's an ex-football star who "just so happens" to be black as well. If it's no Russians attempting to invade America, it's Mexicans. If it's not Iran that's led by "the New Hitler..", it's Iraq. If it's not the lack of nuclear weapons that should be our major concern, it's the surplus of them. Goebbels' propaganda techniques did not die with Goebbels. At this point you should be asking your- self the question: From what, exactly, are we being distracted?

The only thing left to be said is this: Sterling North wouldn't know a great piece of literature if it held him down and reamed him up the ass. Of course, I'd like to go on record as saying that I have no idea what it feels like to be reamed up the ass, and yet I admit the subject certainly does fascinate me. Perhaps if things get boring later on we can dig up J. Edgar Hoover and ask him about it. Judging from his record, though, I gather he's not the kind of girl who kisses and tells.

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Saucer Section

The Last Days of Fred Crisman

Excerpt from the new book

Maury Island UFO

By Kenn Thomas

(published by IllumiNet; available for \$16 from
Steamshovel, POB 23715, St. Louis, MO 63121)

"The experts disagree. And in the final analysis this country...on its space effort and all the rest where we will find the most intense disagreement among those who know the most--in the final analysis the people themselves have to make a judgement..."

--John F. Kennedy,
Cheney Stadium,
Tacoma, WA,
September 27, 1963

"I never thought much of a lie, because nobody believes a lie if he has a chance to find out the truth."

--Harry S. Truman
Tacoma, Washington
June 10, 1948

In 1947 Fred Crisman said he witnessed a UFO at Maury Island, near Seattle. In 1968 New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison subpoenaed Crisman as part of his investigation of the JFK assassination. The infamous Torbitt Document named Crisman as one of the three tramps in the railyard behind Dealey Plaza. In between, Crisman became a known figure on talk radio in Tacoma, a precursor to the likes of Rush Limbaugh and G. Gordon Liddy, and a known figure in the ufological community. His full story is told in the new book, *Maury Island UFO* by Kenn Thomas, published by IllumiNet. The following excerpt is taken from that book.

Crisman started at KAYE radio in Puyallup, Washington, on August 1, 1968, under the on-air name of John Gold. According to his 1970 autobiographical book, *Murder of a City*, published

under the Gold pseudonym, he had been attracted to the radio station because he felt it was a way to express his concern over the Gypsy minority and that it would be useful in his political cause: the elimination of the city management style of government in Tacoma, Washington.

According to one source, Crisman's zeal in this matter stemmed from orders given him in 1968, "but there is no reason given as to why it is felt by the East section of the CIA that this form of government is wrong for this area." (1) Crisman's reasons, as well as his general philosophy (described by Crisman as "Liberal Democrat"--and he had indeed run for office as a Democrat--but clearly was shown as anything but in his writing) and a detailed look at his political and business associations, provided the basis for his book. *Murder of a City* reviews the struggles between Tacoma's city manager, Dave Rowlands, and its mayor, A. L. "Slim" Rasmussen--a struggle that Crisman viewed as having lost.

In March 1969, Crisman helped create a non-profit corporation to pursue this ambition of eliminating city management government in Tacoma. It failed, of course, and by January of the following year Mayor Rasmussen was administering his final session, having lost the previous November election. One of his final acts was to appoint Fred Crisman to Tacoma's library board. The move received criticism for all that Crisman had done in local politics and his infamy as a right-wing radio commentator, but he assured his critics that "I respect the library and use it frequently for my own studies as well as for background ... and would not think of attempting to influence [the library director] in his choice of books." (2)

Crisman's change of fortunes continued when the defamation lawsuit against KAYE was dismissed. (3) He got involved with cable-TV franchising to no success, however, and lost his bid for election to the Civil Service Board of Pierce county by 1559 votes (4) in September 1971. Shortly thereafter, charges of mismanagement began to circulate about the library manager, apparently emanating from Crisman, who believed that his opposition to city manager government kept him from being made the board president of the Tacoma Public Library. (5)

Petty bickering about library politics continued in the Tacoma press until Crisman resigned in October 1973. (6) As early as 1967, however, Fred Crisman began to again turn his attention to the events at Maury Island of 1947. On July 22 of that year he lectured on the topic at the annual Northwest



UFO Conference in Seattle. (7) lectured the group about the seriousness of the subject, apparently a bit disgruntled at some of the carnival-like atmosphere that attends UFO gatherings (then as now). He made the claim that he had been the first person to photograph the UFOs and that he still had prints of the Maury Island photographs. He discussed the flying saucer slag and insisted that it was quite different from the discarded product of the local smelter works. He talked at length about the press distortion of the subject and how he hoped the true facts would someday emerge. If Crisman was making a bid to become a UF celebrity like Kenneth Arnold, he did little after that to further the cause. When he finished lecturing in Seattle, a young UFO researcher named Gary Leslie approached him anxiously to get copies of the Maury Island photographs. Crisman declined to offer his own address due to his distaste for publicity (a claim contradicted by his soon-to-come career as a shock jock, if not by the lecture itself), but he did provide an address for Harold Dahl. Dahl, after all, had the photographs in his possession.

Leslie found Dahl to be an amicable correspondent. He offered to provide copies of the photos and a written statement about his experiences at Maury Island, plus one from his son. He forwarded Leslie's inquiries to Crisman's New Orleans address (8), and reported that he had photographs of the North Queen boat taken at the time of the incident. Dahl also spoke very glowingly of Crisman, comparing him, in fact, to the character played by Roy Thinnes in the then current TV show *The Invaders*, a character hunted for his secret knowledge of flying saucers and explained that nothing could be done without his partner's approval.

A few days later, Leslie received an angry response from Crisman. "I do not want this matter in public print!" he declared and expressed his anger that Dahl was so forthcoming. "He will not correspond with you again." (9) Leslie had the ambition of collecting information from the pair and publishing an unvarnished version of the Maury Island story. He was quite disappointed in Crisman's hostility and tried through several letters to both Dahl and Crisman to ameliorate the controversy, if indeed it was "Dahl." Some researchers suggest that the letters from Harold Dahl, the Easy Papers, and much of the other written documentation of this story may have actually been written by Crisman, even though the address was in Tenino, Washington, not New Orleans. (10)

In any event, "Dahl" caved in to Crisman's concerns immediately, but he kept in contact with Leslie for other purposes. He had an interest in promoting the work of Dr. Frank E. Stranges of Van Nuys, California. "Dahl" sought the help of Leslie's UAPRO group to organize a showing a film by Stranges. Leslie obliged and continued to pursue the photographs and written statements from "Dahl." In a last letter from Crisman/Dahl ("I am irrevocably tied to Hal in any questions that arise on the Maury island incident"), he claims that he has only shared his views and research materials on Maury Island with small business and academic groups "that have extra and advanced knowledge" about UFOs. "I travel widely and this allows me to be in areas that do have certain of the extra 'attentions' of the UFOs. It has always been a type of precise 'high-wire' balance act to keep up an investigative and reporting interest and at the same time deal with the areas of a business world that has no interest in such matters."

With reluctance, Crisman acquiesced to "Dahl's" interest in sharing with Leslie, but no record exists that the contact continued. Crisman closes with a report that he went to the original Maury Island UFO site, and found it barren of plant growth and surrounded by signs that the area would be razed

for the sake of an unnamed federal project. "Why? ... A bit of inquiry revealed that government men of some agency have returned over the years ... many times for soil samples and pictures."

The name of Dr. Frank Stranges, still a personality in UFO circles in 1999, came up once more in research surrounding Crisman. The director of NICUFO (the National Investigations Committee on UFOs), Stranges was approached by an investigator for famed Kennedy assassination researcher and author Bernard Fensterwald. Fensterwald had received a leaflet from another noted author in the field, Paris Flammonde, that had Crisman's business partner-and a suspect in the anti-Castro milieu according to Jim Garrison-Thomas Beckham listed on NICUFO's board of directors. The investigator determined that Beckham met Stranges through Crisman. (11)

The August 1993 release of an interview transcript with Beckham affirmed that Crisman managed his singing career and had introduced him to the UFO world. (12)

One other UFO circuit personality had a non-encounter with Crisman: Wayne Aho. Aho had remained active in the ufological community since his spaceship encounter in the Mojave Desert on May 11, 1957. Crisman invited him to attend the First Midwest UFO Conference in Omaha, Nebraska on August 12, 1967. Aho showed, but Crisman did not. Aho had previous involvement with shady characters on the UFO fringe. He and a business associate named Otis T. Carr were indicted in the late 50s for an investment scheme to develop a flying saucer that ran on free energy. The two were indicted for selling hundreds of thousands in illegal stocks, but charges against Aho were dropped. Carr was convicted and given a \$5,000 fine. Like the money that Beckham and Crisman allegedly raised, the final disposition of Carr's profits remains unknown.

Aside from these instances, Crisman kept to his principle of avoiding publicity with regard to Maury Island and UFOs. He returned to his traveling and "the areas of a business world that has no interest in such matters."

After the radio show, the Garrison subpoena, and his career with politics and the public, Crisman tried to start a public television station in Tacoma in 1975.(13)

The charge that he was one of the mystery tramps at Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1963 arose again in the mid-70s in articles that appeared in *True* magazine and *Crowdaddy*. Crisman maintained his story that he was teaching high school in Rainier on that day.(14)

The next time Fred Crisman ran for office, for a seat on the City Council; he lost by over 10,000 votes.(15) In September 1974, he was hospitalized for kidney failure. In April 1975 he married Mary Frances Borden, an ally in his library political battles. On December 10, 1975, Fred Crisman died at the age of 56.(16)

Notes:

1. This is found in something called the Easy Papers, discussed at length in *Maury Island UFO*.
2. Wilkins, Jack, "Slim Praises Pals, Raps Detractors as Era Ends," *Tacoma News Tribune*, January 7, 1970.
3. "Hodges Halts Libel Suit," *Tacoma News Tribune*, February 4, 1970.
4. "CTV Firm Plans To Sue City Council," *Tacoma News Tribune*, April 16, 1971; "Complete Unofficial Councilman Vote," *Tacoma News Tribune*, September 22, 1971.
5. Gibbs, Al, "Mismanagement Called Cause of Libraries Woes," *Tacoma News Tribune*, October 13, 1971; "Library Director Answers Critic," *Tacoma News Tribune*, October 13, 1971; "Three Attend Library Meet," *Tacoma News Tribune*, January 26, 1972.
6. Wilkins, Jack, "Politics Looms In Affairs of Tacoma Library Board," *Tacoma News Tribune*, August 7, 1973. Gibbs, Al, "Library In Hubbub: Jarstad, Crisman Exchange Invective," *Washington News Tribune*, August 22, 1973. Anderson, Win, "Crisman Resigns Position, Charges Library Politics," *Tacoma News Tribune*, October 7, 1973.
7. The Hahanos say that this actually took place at a meeting of something called Understanding Incorporated at the Tacoma Public Library on February 4. Correspondence from Gary Leslie indicates the July date. In either case, this was two years before Mayor Rasmussen appointed him to the board and a year before he started broadcasting on KAYE. (UFO Vol. 9, No. 1, p. 34.)
8. The Hahanos note that this establishes Crisman's connection to New Orleans a year before Garrison's subpoena (UFO Vol. 9, No. 1, p. 34.)

9. The Hanohanos quote Dahl's widow Helen as saying "Something happened in the late 1960s to change the relationship between my husband and Fred. Fred began calling the shots. It's possible that Fred was blackmailing Hal." It should be recalled, however, that Dahl owned the boat upon which he had his UFO encounter but nevertheless reported it to his "boss," Fred Crisman. Crisman dominated the relationship even in 1947.

10. Support for this notion comes in the form of other letters written by "F. Lee" to noted UFO researcher Lucius Farish in Plumerville, Arkansas from November 1967 to January 1968. The correspondence discusses technical particulars of a well-organized but small and invite-only paranormalist study group called Parapsychology Research, including that its new director would be Crisman chum Robert Lavender, and gives a detailed report about Maury Island. The letters also make mention of the Loch Ness monster and the San Juan Lights and of networking with over 200 Fortean societies. They contain Crisman's complaints about the UFO community, repeat the allusion to *The Invaders* TV show, and note that "Any letter sent to Hal Dahl is usually answered by Crisman - if he bothers to answer at all."

11. Hanohano, Kalani and Katiuska, "Beckham Talks About Crisman," *UFO Magazine*, Volume 9, Number 1, 1994, pp. 36-38. The Hanohanos also discuss Milton Northdruff, who had lunch with Stranges and Beckham. Northdruff reports, "Beckham was quite an enterprising individual and gave me the impression of operating rather smoothly, having some solid people on which he could depend when things actually got under way at 8:00 p.m. that evening, with Frank Stranges speaking." Also according to the Hanohanos, Stranges "was very hesitant to discuss the matter" with investigator Bill La Parl when approached about it at Timothy Beckley's 1992 UFO conference in Phoenix.

12. House Select Committee on Assassinations transcript 014888, Thomas Beckham interviewed by Robert Baras and L. J. Delsa.

13. Syphier, Richard, "TV Station's Promoters Assail TNT Coverage," *Tacoma News Tribune*, January 10, 1975.

14. Shomshak, Vem, "True Magazine Less Than True-Crisman Says of Article on JFK's death," *Tacoma News Tribune*, May 22, 1975. "Secret Agent

Man Meets The Mystery Tramp," *Crawdaddy*, November 1975.



In December 1978, the House Select Committee on Assassinations summoned Stanley Peerboom, the principal at Rainer High School, to produce Crisman's employment records from the time. Peerboom complied, producing a two-page list with a single handwriting demonstrating that no substitute had been called for Crisman on November 22, 1963. It does reflect several absences for Crisman the following February through May. The accompanying letter from Peerboom points out that "Since the school district did not keep very extensive records at the time, I cannot supply the exact information which you requested. I am supplying all that is available." In a separate letter, however, Peerboom includes the remark, "I can also verify that on the day of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, I was teaching at the school and Fred Lee Crisman was also teaching at the school on that day." He concludes, "I might mention that I regard Mr. Crisman as a person lacking in truth. I can only say if it is important, I can give reasons for the above statement."

Peerboom also doubted the authenticity of a letter he received from Crisman's wife Mary, asking for copies of the same records, but included the letter with the materials he sent to the HSCA.

15. "Elections At A Glance," *Tacoma News Tribune*, November 5, 1975.

16. Obituary, *Tacoma News Tribune*, December 11, 1975. "Council Critic Crisman Dies," *Tacoma News Tribune*, December 11, 1975. "Crisman Native Tacoman," *Tacoma News Tribune*, December 16, 1975.

The Strange Business of Dan Griffith, part two

continued from *Steamshovel Press* #16

The most intriguing question raised by the assault mounted against Dan Griffith is who has the motivation and attention span to pursue an ordinary citizen openly since 1983 across vast distances? About year five (1988), Griffith began reviewing incidents in the years prior to 1983 which, at the time, were odd but not seriously threatening. Griffith was employed in early 1978 by one of Cincinnati's leading commercial realtors noted for his friendly, laid-back personality as much as his business acumen. About three months later the broker's demeanor suddenly changed to brusque hostility when he told Griffith: "I got a phone call at home last night." This hostility became serious when the broker attempted to steal half of Griffith's share of a large deal which resulted in a two-day trial in which the jury took eleven minutes to decide for Griffith.

Reflecting further into the past, an incident in early 1971 began to take on an ominous meaning when placed into context. Charles Keating, lead counsel for tycoon Carl Lindner, began harassing Griffith with letters after an encounter on a Cincinnati street. Keating went on to infamy in Arizona and California in the late 1980s as the leading cause of the national S&L crisis. Griffith attended three days of a civil trial in Tucson in 1992 in which Keating took the Fifth Amendment numerous times.

In late 1970, Griffith encountered two former Tulane fraternity brothers, one in New Orleans and the other in San Francisco, at which more hostility was exhibited. Griffith had not seen these two (who were lawyers) since the 1950s.

Perhaps the most intriguing incident in Griffith's past was during his US Army service in Germany in 1959 when he was asked by his West Point platoon lieutenant to be a classroom instructor for what the Pentagon entitled: "troop information and education." The topic was the worldwide reach of the Soviet Comintern which, as an afterthought, Griffith compared to the similar organizational structure of the Vatican. Griffith never taught another

class and was openly followed on a long tour of Europe two months later. Griffith does not believe this Army incident is a causative factor but clearly established a counter-intelligence file. In 1988, the State Department wrote to Griffith that "after several searches, we cannot find the records of your 1959 passport." In 1995 in Washington, DC Griffith learned from a former Army CIC agent that he had probably been labeled a "disaffected," i.e., potential defector to the Soviets during those paranoid days of the Cold War.

A significant demonstration of highly based power has been the control over lawyers, bar association referral services and private investigators. In 1984, Griffith contacted the Washington, DC Bar Association to acquire names of FOIA lawyers in order to bring an action against the FBI. The DC Association referred him to Eleanor Loos, whose office location changed twice before she disappeared altogether. At one conference with Griffith, Loos introduced a man whose credentials were that he had worked for the CIA in the Golden Triangle of southeast Asia. This meeting took place in the cafeteria of the federal courthouse although no lawsuit had been filed. A similar experience occurred with the Cincinnati Bar Association.

A Louisville Harvard lawyer took \$2500 from Griffith in 1987 and then did nothing, including not returning phone calls. In 1996, Griffith tried the legal approach again by hiring a Cincinnati lawyer to bring another FOIA action against the FBI. This lawyer (who left town) attempted to persuade Griffith to not bring the lawsuit and then turned the case over to his senior partners who also tried to prevent legal action. When Griffith persisted, the lawyer agreed to act as a "consultant" if Griffith brought the suit *pro se*. At the last minute the lawyer decided to act as legal representative. Griffith assumes that this sudden change of heart was because the FBI did not want to deal directly with an outraged citizen. The FBI stalled this lawsuit from 1996 to early 1999 when Griffith discharged these shills and took over the case *pro se*.

Private investigators performed even more outrageously. Their people in Cincinnati, Washington, Fort Lauderdale and Miami had clearly been warned of Griffith's pursuit and reacted fearfully and non-productively. PIs apparently have an alert service (fax and/or mail) which can be used to bullitenize investigators across the country, complete with photographs. A complaint against a Washington, DC area PI led to a phone call to Griffith's motel room by a Fairfax County (VA) police officer who told him to "drop the pursuit and investigation."

Griffith regards the most significant, if not most ominous, intercept, as the appearance of a high

ranking Vatican official in the British Hospital in Lisbon, Portugal in 1985. Griffith had been hit by a car three days after arrival in Portugal and was taken to the small (22 bed) independent hospital maintained by the sizeable British community in Lisbon. The next day, an Irish priest who was head of one of the major Catholic orders appeared as a patient in Griffith's five bed ward. After some small talk, the



Left in Griffith's car before the World Affairs Council meeting, November 18, 1999.

conversation lapsed into silence. Suddenly the priest said: "Do you think you could kill somebody?" Griffith's flabbergasted answer was "Huh?" The priest was allegedly hospitalized for an asthma condition, however, during the ten day stay, he would frequently don his uniform and leave for two to three hours. After Griffith's release, he discovered that Lisbon had two large Catholic hospitals where a genuinely sick priest would have been lodged.

During this ten day stay in the British Hospital, Griffith was visited at his bed by an American from Fort Stockton, Texas, who stated he was a tourist. He told Griffith of his young days when he served as a Peace Corps volunteer. He assisted Griffith in his first shaky steps (from broken ribs and clavicle) into the street in front of the hospital. After several days of visiting, he disappeared.

In March 1992, Griffith drove into Fort Stockton and visited the man's auto parts store and was told by the clerk that he had left early that morning on a sudden "vacation". The clerk also stated that his boss had not served in the Peace Corps but in the US Army.

The fact sequence in this saga is quite incredible. The caliber of interceptors has included everything from street level scuff bums to experienced intelligence agents. But the deployment of a high ranking Vatican official who feigns illness for ten days is at the top of the list. Who has the capability and clout to recruit and deploy such a person?

end



**Above: Bhagwan Rajneesh.
Below: Osho International Commune,
Poona, India.**



Rajneesh Rising from the Grave

by Acharya S

"I leave you my dream."

Some 15 years ago, a series of bizarre events unfolded that were publicized in the media around the world. Yet, this weird story, which had all the making of a spy novel and a great movie, was seemingly ignored by all but the most die-hard conspiriologists, even though it contained all the elements of a conspiracy and was global in nature. One man, a "notorious" Indian guru with hundreds of thousands of followers worldwide, was booted with great vitriol out of not only the United States but also 21 other countries. He was hounded, vilified and, some claim, poisoned, evidently because the powers that be did not like what he had to say or what he was attempting to do. What was it about this small, frail man that freaked out some of the most powerful governments in the world?

Born on December 11, 1931 as Rajneesh Chandra Mohan, the son of a Jain merchant of modest means, in Kuchwada, India, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh would go on to leave an indelible mark upon the world, for better or worse.

As the quintessential anti-religionist, Rajneesh didn't follow his parents' Jainism, an ancient Indian religion whose creed is "ahimsa," or nonviolence, except that he too subscribed to ahimsa, which is ironic, as well as tragic, considering how he would eventually be portrayed. Nor did he follow Hinduism, or Buddhism or Christianity, Islam or Judaism. He was a mischiefmaker from birth, and at an early age started challenging on the Jain monks and other authority figures, including parents, teachers and politicians. In fact, his childhood stories are hilarious – and somber.

At seven, his adored grandfather died with his head in Rajneesh's lap – an event that compelled the boy to investigate death, to "discover that which is deathless." Allegedly spurred on by depression caused by the death of his girlfriend when he was 15, Rajneesh went on an intense spiritual quest, at 21 becoming "enlightened," supposedly in the classical Indian sense, except that, in his case, he didn't go spouting about the love of some god person. Instead, he went on to obtain an MA in philosophy from the University of Saugur, subsequently teaching that subject at Jabalpur University for nine years, during which time he gathered a following.

After his stint at Jabalpur, he began traveling around India in his broken-down Fiat, giving talks and distributing booklets he'd had printed. He got into fights on the street and riled more than a few Muslims and Hindus. Although he had a following and had been an All-India debate champion, India is a big country, and there were plenty of places that hadn't heard of him – until he bested various religious leaders in debate. Wealthy backers started to appear, and he eventually began to do meditation camps, although initially he hated the whole guru thing and eschewed it.

In these meditation camps, Rajneesh shocked the people by telling them that their religions were oppressive and that they themselves were all sexually repressed, saying that "sex is a holy act" and that their priests were using it to manipulate them. He started to become known as the "sex guru." In *Tantra, Spirituality & Sex*, he said:

"While making love to a woman, you are really making love to Existence itself. The woman is just a door; the man is just a door. Really, it happens that the whole of Existence becomes the other – your beloved, your lover. One can remain in constant communion with the Existence. And you can do it in other dimensions also. Walking in the morning, you can do it. Looking at the moon you can do it. You can be in a sex act with the whole universe once you know how it happens."

The locals were scandalized by the freewheeling air of the camps, where people in various stages of dress jumped around in cathartic meditations. Despite the moniker, however, only a few of his 650 books have the word "sex" in the title, and Rajneesh's countless and brilliant talks



incorporated just about every subject under the sun, including the world's various religions such as Buddhism, Christianity, Hinduism, Taoism, etc., as well as assorted other gurus and philosophers, such as Gurdjieff, Socrates, Sartre, Freud, Jung, Lao Tzu and Wilhelm Reich.

In the early '70s, an ashram was established for him at Poona, and many Westerners started to come. Rajneesh had begun devouring books in English at an early age, so he was well equipped to teach English-speaking Westerners, telling them that "your books are the mirrors of your mind." The list of books he read was enormous, spanning all subjects and amounting to tens of thousands. During these years, people from all over the world arrived and created various self-growth therapies under his guidance. These included, of course, sex therapies, some of which got out of control. In addition, the locals were incensed by the half-naked women running around. Rajneesh continued to get a bad name. The CIA began sending agents to infiltrate and spy on him, but at least a couple of them found the atmosphere so enjoyable that they stayed or returned there.

Destiny with Disaster

In the early '80s, one of the women who had wrested power within the ashram, Sheela Silverman, was sent to find a suitable place for Rajneesh to live in the U.S. Ostensibly the move was because his health was bad. He was a diabetic and, although strong at a youth, had a bad back and was pretty fragile for his age. Other factors for his decision to leave India evidently included a firebombing of the ashram, an attempt on his life and threats in Indian newspapers that he should have his tongue cut out and his hands cut off.

Detractors, however, claimed that Rajneesh fled to the U.S. because of the many problems at the ashram, including alleged income tax evasion, insurance fraud, and drugs and sex offenses by his numerous Western followers, many of whom were in fact essentially homeless wanderers looking for a good time and marring a good thing.

Once in the U.S., the group started out in a castle in New Jersey and from there scouted a place in the West. They settled on the 64,000-acre Big Muddy Ranch near Antelope, Oregon, which they purchased for \$6 million. Part of their decision was based upon Rajneesh's conviction that there was "no future for the future," so they were to set up a survivalist utopia in the desert. The "Rajneeshees," as they would come to be known, told the local and state government that they would only have a few dozen people on the ranch, but this assertion was evidently a deception. There is no evidence that the

decision came from Rajneesh himself; however, he surely expected thousands of his followers from around the world to show up.

To their credit, the Rajneeshees took a desert and turned it into a virtual oasis in a matter of a few years. The money poured in from everywhere, and the residents provided "volunteer" labor, landscaping, planting trees, creating organic farms, constructing economical buildings, including their own airport and school, and possessing a fleet of buses. The site was spectacular but environmentally unsound due to the large number of people, and the political structure was deteriorating.

The fiery Sheela rose to become the head lieutenant, and, with her harsh, agent-infiltrated clique, she would circulate around the commune barking orders and threatening people. In addition, Sheela and her husband were allegedly socking away some \$55 million of the commune's money in accounts in Switzerland, a crime discovered by the feds, who then blackmailed her into being an operative.

The feds, who had been watching Rajneesh since he was in India, were moving in on the Oregon commune, at first watching and then provoking. There were agents of practically every significant agency at the city that came to be called Rajneeshpuram: CIA, FBI, INS, DEA, IRS, etc. — an estimated 17 state and federal agencies. Because of the threat from the fossilized locals, who took to shooting up Rajneeshpuram property, and because of Sheela's increasing and well-founded paranoia, the commune began to arm itself, allegedly smuggling weapons through Portland.

And then there were the druggings and poisonings. It is claimed that Sheela's right-hand "man," a woman nicknamed "Nurse Mengele," was an governmental agent provocateur who induced the increasingly fascist Sheela into committing an assortment of crimes, including putting salmonella in 10 salad bars in the town of the Dalles. Some 750 people allegedly were sickened, apparently to keep them from being able to vote against the commune in the upcoming election.

There were other plots, in none of which was Rajneesh himself ever implicated, despite the fact that his room was bugged and his communications and movements monitored. These plots included shipping in homeless people from around the country so they could vote in elections in favor of the commune. Many of these homeless people were schizophrenic and were apparently drugged to keep them from being violent. The Rajneeshees essentially bought out Antelope and took over its local government. As the acrimony

Dozens of Rajneeshes called in probe

Federal agents probe for links to the cult's alleged crimes



increased, plots allegedly were made against the life of attorney Charles Turner, as well as that of others. No doubt these plots were instigated and/or assisted by the agents provocateurs crawling all over the place.

According to Alex Constantine, the commune was linked to "opium trafficking, prostitution, money laundering, arson, slave labor, mass poisonings, illegal wiretaps and the stockpiling of guns and biochemical warfare weapons." He also says, "The year-long Oregonian investigation revealed cult ties to CIA-trained mercenaries in El Salvador and the Far East. Domestically, Rajneesh's secret police force worked with Agency operatives." But, he notes in *The Constantine Report*, no. 3, that this "eccentric religious" organization, among others, may have been "co-opted." In the case of Rajneesh, that is certainly true.

The shady business, along with the notorious Rolls Royces, caused tremendous media interest. The Rolls Royces, in fact, were designed to do just that. Rajneesh claimed to have 93 of them, and that he would eventually own one for each day of the year. In reality, he didn't actually own them. Many of them were gifts to the commune, and others were just loaners. It is claimed that Rolls Royce itself was in on the joke, which was to demonstrate how ridiculous was the American pursuit of material goods.

In the fall of 1985, Rajneesh came out of his 1300-day seclusion, called in the FBI and began to talk against various commune members, including Sheela, who by this time had fled the country. At this point, the National Guard and a "special SWAT team" were called in, and "USAF fighters were swooping over the isolated ranch." In October, Rajneesh boarded a plane and flew to North Carolina, to stay at a

follower's home. He later stated that he did this because he believed the National Guard was going to move in and start a gun battle with the residents, probably killing many of them. One of Rajneesh's followers was the daughter of slain congressman Leo Ryan, Shannon Ryan, whose association with "the cult" caused much consternation that another "Jonestown" was about to happen.

On October 28, 1985, Rajneesh was arrested without an arrest warrant at the airport in Charlotte, North Carolina, by some crazed agents who were evidently told that he was a heinous criminal. They grabbed the robe-wearing, small, frail guru, threw him onto the tarmac, and shackled both his hands and legs.

He was then shunted across country by ground transport, in 12 days being junketed to six different jails. He was tossed into a cell with a herpes-infected prisoner (Rajneesh had a notoriously terrible immune system and could not tolerate perfume of any kind, which led to "sniffers" at the entrance of places he was speaking), and placed in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, before being brought back to Portland to await trial. It was in the OK penitentiary, he alleged, that he was poisoned with plutonium and thallium, the rat poison purportedly favored by the CIA and other spook organizations. The penitentiary, apparently, is not far from the Kerr-McGee plutonium plant, of Karen Silkwood infamy.

On 11/8, while sitting in the Portland jail waiting to go to the trial house, Rajneesh was told that there was a bomb threat, at which point everyone except him was allowed out of the building. No bomb exploded, but it is alleged that a "box of electronics" was found under his chair.

The allegations against Rajneesh were widely trumpeted and made to appear very sinister, although they were not. He had arranged, it was claimed, hundreds of marriages so that followers could stay in the country. He was thus charged with "immigration fraud." Eventually, because there was no evidence against him for any of the crimes committed by his supposed followers (and the various agents), he was advised to take the "Alfred Plea," by which a defendant can maintain his innocence but the government can punish him anyway. His punishment was to be booted out of the country.

After he left the U.S. with a group of followers, he was kicked out of or prevented from entering 21 other countries, including England, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Sweden and Switzerland. In Uruguay he had been given a 3-

month visa, but this was yanked shortly after his arrival - and after an alleged phone call from Ronald Reagan to the Uruguayan government threatening to pull a \$6 billion-dollar loan if that nation let him stay. The Uruguayan President was purportedly informed from a CIA report by American Ambassador Malcolm Wilkey that "Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh is a highly intelligent man. He is very dangerous. He is an anarchist. He has the power to change men's minds." By now, faxes and phone calls were preceding his landings, claiming that he was the leader of a drugs-and-prostitution ring. Many who have studied his numerous works feel this persecution was mainly because he was so astoundingly expert at revealing the hypocrisy and shenanigans of the status quo in religion and politics.

Rajneesh was not allowed to land in Canada or Britain, even with a Lloyd's of London policy that he wouldn't leave the airport. One of his followers was the German royal cousin of Bonnie Prince Charlie, and it was rumored that Charles had a keen interest in "the Bhagwan," which did not make the Queen, et al., very happy.

The irascible Rajneesh was chased out of Greece after he criticized the Greek Orthodox Church. He eventually landed in Nepal, where he stayed for some months before going back to Poona. For years afterward, his followers were harassed and prevented from entering India. But at some point, somebody realized that they represented big tourist dollars, so the policy was relaxed.

The notorious Sheela was caught in Germany and went to jail for about three years. Her cronies in the U.S. were eventually sentenced to several years for attempted murder and other crimes.

Rajneesh lived for four years after this debacle, during which time he changed his name to "Osho," saying that "Bhagwan," a title ostensibly meaning "Blessed One" and held by the holiest of Indian holies, actually referred to the male and female genitalia. Naturally, this declaration pissed off the Hindu hierarchy.

During this time, he continued to give talks. And his body continued to degrade. It was claimed that the poison was eating away his bones, and he was in a great deal of pain. In the months before his death, he lost a dozen or more teeth. He was literally rotting.

In the month prior to his death on January 19, 1990, his longtime confidant, a 37-year-old woman named Vivek, who Rajneesh claimed was the reincarnation of his deceased childhood girlfriend, and who allegedly suffered from manic-depression, tried one more meditation therapy and then took an

overdose. She did this on his birthday, December 11. Needless to say, her suicide caused a great deal of disturbance. Osho's words concerning her death were, "She goes in peace." Five weeks later, Osho himself was dead. Some say he had himself euthanized because he could no longer stand "the pain of carrying his body." Others say he "left the body" to be with his lost love.

Some claim Vivek was not a "manic-depressive" but was driven to suicide because she was dismayed by her lover's deterioration. It is further claimed that the poisoning story was a cover-up for his addiction to drugs, including Valium and painkillers for the physical agony he experienced. It is also believed by some that his experimentation with and addiction to drugs while in Oregon were the main reason behind his loss of control over the commune. After the heat started to get turned up, however, he certainly snapped to attention long enough to make a lucid "comeback" during the process of his arrest, trial and deportation. In fact, despite the wish on the part of the media to present a "sinister mind-control cult leader," few unflattering images were released of him. There he was on the tarmac at Charlotte, for example, hands shackled yet in a namaste greeting gesture, with a beatific smile that could charm a snake.

The Aftermath

After his death, it was discovered and reported by Max Brecher in *A Passage to America* that the "second-in-command of the Vatican," Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, had "pulled some strings to get Rajneesh booted out of the U.S.," with the assistance of Reagan and his attorney general, Edwin Meese III, who was "notorious for his anti-Rajneesh statements." Said Meese, "I want that man right back in India, never to be seen or heard of again." Of course, Rajneesh's ridiculing the Pope with endless "Polack pope" jokes didn't help his situation much with the Vatican.

It was obvious that the feds had been watching Rajneesh since before he left India for the U.S. Brecher reported that "a cable was sent May 29 [1981] to the Consulate from Alexander Haig, first secretary of state. It said in plain words that 'THERE IS HIGH LEVEL INTEREST IN THIS CASE.'" In addition, when Rajneesh applied for U.S. residency, the U.S. State Department allegedly sent "a confidential telegram to the American Consulate in Bombay on November 24th 1981, that 'THERE IS BOTH CONGRESSIONAL AND WHITE HOUSE

INTEREST IN THE ACTIVITIES OF THE GURU AND HIS ASHRAM."

It is also evident that Rajneesh was a threat to the status quo long before the Oregon debacle and that he was set up to a large extent. Why exactly were the elite so petrified of and threatened by him? As the ambassador said, he could change men's minds. And, he was described by impish American author Tom Robbins as "the most dangerous man since Jesus Christ."

Some 650 of Osho's books have been published in 31 languages, including *Priests and Politicians - The Mafia of the Soul*. Another, published after 1300 days of silence while he was in Rajneeshpuram, is called *The Rajneesh Bible*. Like these two, many of his books constitute an all-out assault on religions and politics. Such sentiment is the real reason Rajneesh was persecuted.

In *Priests & Politicians, The Mafia of the Soul*, he stated:

"You have to be aware who the real criminals are in this world. That's why I speak against the priests and religions, because I don't want any single loophole for you. . . . The problem is that those criminals are thought to be great leaders, sages, saints, mahatmas, and they are respected tremendously around the world, so you will never think that they can be criminals. So I have to insist continuously, every day.

"For example, it is easier to understand that perhaps politicians are the causes of many problems: wars, murders, massacres, burning people. It is even more difficult when it comes to religious leaders, because nobody has raised his hand against them. They have remained respectable for centuries, and as time goes on their respectability goes on growing. The most difficult job for me is to make you aware that these people - knowingly or unknowingly, that does not matter - have created this world.

"The politicians and the priests have been constantly in conspiracy, working together, hand in hand.

"The politician has the political power; the priest has the religious power. The politician protects the priest, the priest blesses the politician - and the masses are exploited, their blood is sucked by both.

"Religions have made man's mind retarded by creating beliefs out of fictions. And politicians have destroyed man by creating as undignified a life as possible - because their power depends on your slavery. These barriers should be removed.

"Rather, science should be employed not in the service of death and destruction, but in the service of life and love, affirmation, celebration.

"We are in such a situation today that either we will let these rotten politicians and priests destroy the whole of humanity and the earth, or we will have to take the power from their hands and decentralize it into humanity."

He also stated:

"The politicians are insane, the priests are insane too . . ."

And:

"That's why I say all politicians and all so-called great religious leaders are suffering from an inferiority complex. That inferiority complex is a torture to them. They want to be on some great pedestal with great power. That power will help them to get at least a temporary relief from the inferiority complex."

He also blasted Israel and the concepts of a "Holy Land" and of "Chosen People", and said:

"In America, Jews are among the richest people, so they have great power over the American congress. They have a lobby of their own, and because politicians depend on contributions from rich people for their elections, they cannot avoid the Jews. They cannot ignore them; their presence is too important - they have cash money."

Osho was dogged in his critique of organized religion and the concept of God as a hindrance to human happiness and evolution:

"All the organized religions are basically depriving humanity of religion because they are misdirecting you. They are always

away in the sky. And when you pray, folding your hands towards the sky, you don't realize that there is nobody to hear you.

"In fact, the one who is praying, the one who is alive in you, the one who is breathing in you, is the God."

He also called God "the imaginary puppeteer" and said: "God is the greatest dictator, if you accept the fiction that he created the world and also created mankind. If God is a reality, then man is a slave, a puppet."

And again: "Either God can exist or freedom, both cannot exist together." "Once you drop the God, you are certainly free." "Laughter is a better cure than God...."

And he took a very dim view of Judeo-Christianity:

"I said in one of my speeches, that *The Holy Bible* is the most unholy book in the whole world, because it has five hundred solid pages of pure pornography. One of my friends in America, hearing this, actually collected all those five hundred pages and published a book called *The X-rated Bible*."



Sheela says Rajneesh used tranquilizers, laughing gas daily

Although he spoke numerous volumes about the "sweet, loving Jesus," Rajneesh was also quoted as saying, "Jesus was a crackpot," which certainly did not endear him to the Christian community. Nor did the following: "Your God itself is a fiction; Jesus Christ being the only begotten son is another fiction. And the infallibility of the pope is just ridiculous." "Jesus' miracles are mythological." "... I consider Christianity to be the most criminal religion in the world." "More people have been killed by the Christian church than by anybody else."

Osho spelled out his mission when he said:

"So I want to destroy all your belief systems, all your theologies, all your religions. I want to open all your wounds so they can be healed. The real medicine is not a belief system; the real medicine is meditation."

Such was Rajneesh's constant theme, found in thousands of books, videos and audios.

Like the Pope, Rajneesh himself was not infallible and made no pretenses to such an impossible arrogance. He was brilliant, wise, deep and compassionate. But he was also naïve, which is the downfall for all those who wish to better the world but who underestimate the cunning of the powermongers. The naïve person revealed in Rajneesh's numerous "sermons" did not have the mind to be a schemer himself. He was childlike, although certainly extremely powerful and charismatic. But a cult leader bent on murder and drug-running? Not a chance.

Considering what he had to say about priests and politicians, it is easy to understand that saboteurs from a variety of different interest groups would ingratiate themselves into the community. The situation was bound to explode. No single person could have kept a lid on it, although many should have been able to see it coming. Rajneesh was way over his head, and it is possible that, in consideration of his success at doing extraordinary things, he miscalculated his power.

Greatness is often dogged by tragedy. The monkey who climbs the highest shows the most ass, and the nail that sticks up the highest gets hit the hardest. In reality, Osho's life was dedicated to changing seemingly intractable "natural laws." Evidently, such a Herculean task is simply too much to accomplish on this planet. But many will continue to try.

Out of the Ashes

Times have changed since Osho's death, and the fervid vitriol against him has softened considerably. He is now lauded as a "brilliant mind," one of the best of the 20th century, by even non-followers and some who once hated his guts. The Poona ashram, called "Club Meditation" for its relaxing atmosphere and wide range of therapies, including "primal-scream and encounter-group therapies, Gestalt, bioenergetics, and rolfing."

is second only to the Taj Mahal as a tourist attraction in India. It is also responsible for cleaning up the once-toxic river running behind it, turning it into a beautiful park, a development that has created interest globally in countries wishing to reproduce its success.

Indian newspapers, which once called for his imprisonment, now trumpet him as "one of India's greatest sons." Said M.V. Kamath, the former editor of *The Illustrated Weekly*, "With Osho, words flow endlessly. Provocatively. Challengingly. In a hundred years more copies of Osho's works will have been printed than the Bible itself, till now the outstanding best-seller."

The confusion surrounding the story of Rajneesh comes in large part from the fact that he was, despite sordid developments and some outward appearances, a charismatic and empathetic person, with an intelligence rarely encountered. To this day, the bulk of his work is unusually encompassing, and many continue to benefit from it, as is evidenced by the thriving status of his ashram, a decade after his death. In fact, at least one of his predictions came true: "After I die," he said, "more people will be coming than ever."

In the end, Osho was too big to be dismissed, and his mark has been left, as not only does his ashram serve as testimony of a final triumph, but the concepts he crystallized slowly but surely trickle into common perception globally. Said he, shortly before he died:

"I will remain a source of inspiration to my people . . . I want them to grow on their own — qualities like love, around which no church can be created, like awareness, which is nobody's monopoly, like celebration, rejoicing, and remaining fresh, childlike eyes . . . I want my people to know themselves, not to be according to someone else. And the way is in."

Sources:

Alex Constantine, *Psychic Dictatorship and The Constantine Report*

Pierre Evald/Sw. Anand Neeten, "Two Tales — One Story"

Assorted other books, audios and videos by and about Rajneesh



Author, historian, mythologist and linguist Acharya S demonstrates in her new book, *The Christ Conspiracy: The Greatest Story Ever Sold*, that Jesus Christ is a mythological character based on more ancient godmen such as the Egyptian Horus and the Indian Krishna. She marshals convincing evidence that Christianity and the story of Jesus Christ were created by secret societies, mystery schools and religions to unify the Roman Empire under one state religion. This multinational cabal drew upon many myths and rituals that already existed and reworked them for centuries into the religion passed down today.

Acharya S has served as a trench master on archaeological excavations in Corinth and Connecticut, USA, as well as a teacher's assistant on the island of Crete. She received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Classics, Greek Civilization. She has traveled extensively around Europe, and she speaks, reads and/or writes English, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Portuguese and a smattering of other languages to varying degrees. She has read Euripides, Plato and Homer in ancient Greek, and Cicero in Latin, as well as Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* in Middle English. She has also been compelled to cross-reference the Bible in the original Hebrew and ancient Greek.

Acharya S also has been published in *Exposure*, *PARANOIA*, *Abyss* and regularly at the *Steamshovel Press* web site and many other periodicals. She also has appeared on many radio and television programs around the country, and lectures regularly. She will be appearing, along with *Steamshovel* editor Kenn Thomas, David Hatcher Childress, Richard Noone and others at the WEX Conference in Kempton, IL on May 5, 2000. Call 1-800-718-4514 for more information.

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Book Reviews

THE COMMON PLOT

Conspiracy Theories: Secrecy and Power in American Culture

By Mark Fenster

a review by Len Bracken

Conspiracy Theories: Secrecy and Power in American Culture (Minnesota, 1999) by Mark Fenster reflects the author's efforts to describe and analyze conspiracy theory culture, but it doesn't address conspiracy theories themselves in a serious way. The infamous Gerald Posner claims that the book is a comprehensive analysis. It is not, and I will tell you why. But first recall that in its Latin roots, to conspire means to breathe together. This etymology indicates how widespread conspiracies are - people routinely breathe together and come together for a common purpose or plot. A restaurant patron conspires with the host to get a better table by passing along a twenty dollar bill, and so on. Fenster acknowledges that conspiracies take place, but he is skeptical about the usefulness of conspiracy theories to explain history. This doesn't surprise me.

Fenster's specialized training in law and his doctoral studies completely obscure everyday life from his experience. Academics reflexively view everyday life as an object to be studied with appropriate research tools. For some of us who are outside of professions and fully immersed in everyday life, the issue of conspiracies proves the axiom that historical consciousness is consciousness of everyday life. People conspire to drink in public without getting caught by concealing themselves in an obscure part of a park, just as Nixon's plumbers carry out their conspiracies under cover of night. We shouldn't be surprised to find so many conspiracies in history.

In *Arch Conspirator*, (recently published by Adventures Unlimited Press) I give a few relevant examples. The first chapter of the first book of European prose, *Histories* by Herodotus, is about a conspiracy between a queen and her king's bodyguard - the first conspiracy in history, which happens to be verified by other accounts. You want more evidence?

I recount the classical conspiracies perpetrated by Spartacus to free slaves and by Cataline to cancel debts. No less an authority than Machiavelli, himself accused of conspiracy, notes that more princes have lost power by conspiracies than any other way. The years since Machiavelli wrote his famous typology of conspiracies have only added evidence to what many recognize as a fact of everyday life - people conspire in routine ways. It makes sense to theorize about ulterior motives and methods.

I won't try to read between the lines for signs of Fenster's sympathies with the likes of Noam Chomsky and the editor of *Z Magazine*, whom Fenster describes as realists for their structuralist dismissal of conspiracy theories. With these structuralists in mind, I would like to mention Fenster's main indictment of conspiracy theories, namely, that they are an unlikely way to exercise political will in what we might agree are oligopolies disguised as democracies. This isn't the place for a critique of structuralism (see my "Extra Notes on Guy Debord - Revolutionary" in the forthcoming ten-issue collection of *Extraphile*), but it seems to me that structuralists are the least likely ones to make historical interventions because they push historicity to the background and because they fail to conspire against their enemies.

Structuralists find a given structure here and there and think it's the same thing; they discount the historical uniqueness of events. And on its surface, global unification of the commodity economy appears to support structuralist claims. But this unification is itself a unique historical event, indeed, it is the historic moment of our time that eclipses all wars and political assassinations. How does this unification happen? Has a static structure been imposed on the masses? Many of us contend that the commodity economy reproduces itself on a daily basis by billions of people selling themselves as commodities at work and consuming commodities in other aspects of everyday life.

To put it another way, people conspire with the commodity economy to reproduce it on a daily basis with hundreds, or even thousands, of often mindless acts. And they always find new ways to conspire for the system, ways that make the economy evolve by pushing the commodity into new reaches of everyday life. The conspiracy theory that I favor is one that interrupts the reproduction of the commodity economy with acts of refusal, such as the refusal of work or the refusal to consume commodities or theft or the destruction of commodities. These acts seem small, but given our situation, they are potentially historic events if the examples can be communicated and thereby inspire more conspirators.

In *Arch Conspirator*, I've outlined a conspiracy theory along these quixotic, utopian lines called "The Zerowork Theory of Revolution Including a General Theory of Civil War," which I invite Mr. Fenster to review so that he could see how, with a little reversal of perspective, conspiracy theory becomes strategic theory. As for part of what Fenster calls conspiracy theories, such as texts like the largely discredited Gemstone File, from a strategic perspective, they act like intelligence reports that prepare one for worst case scenarios. Elements of these heretical versions of history can serve as propaganda in a psychological war aimed at winning the masses away from allegiance to bosses and the state.

Accurate conspiracy theories like Gianfranco Sanguinetti's *Terrorism and the State*, about COINTEL-style right-wing provocations in the name of the left in Italy, are highly instructive. At a time when so many spies of different stripes are ready for action, Sanguinetti's disclosures imply that one should avoid political militancy and fight a propaganda war that discredits not only the right, but also the false left. Sabotage at unambiguous places like the workplace is aimed at the boss without confusing the masses, whom we want to conspire with us against the commodity economy. I take it from Georg Groddeck, a colleague of Freud who actually helped many people at the spa town Baden Baden, that it is healthy to have utopian visions and aspirations. The Bible even refers to paradise as a place where people don't work; we conspire for paradise on earth.

I mention the Italian experience of the strategy of tension, also referred to as the Gladio conspiracy (for a chronology see "From the Egg to the Apples" translator's appendix in the English edition of Sanguinetti's *The Real Report for the Last Chance to Save Capitalism in Italy*), because it proves my point about the validity of conspiracies, and also because it points to the provincial nature of Fenster's book. A quick look around the world confirms that people risk their lives in conspiracies all the time. Armenia, Pakistan, Mexico - these countries remind us that assassination politics happens. Most scandals are conspiracies, even scandals like well-known married politicians conspiring to have affairs and cover them up. Fenster could have been much more totalizing in his conception of conspiracy phenomenon. Was he comprehensive? I don't think so.

Instead of taking on a conspiracy theory the caliber of, say, *Quigley's Anglo-American Establishment*, Fenster focuses on *X-files*. Instead of weighing the convincing details regarding October

Surprise, he looks at the humor of *Illuminatus!* Instead of comparing the serious theories concerning the bombing in Oklahoma City, Fenster focuses on a novel, *Turner Diaries*. Sure, the novel was an ideological influence on McVeigh, but it isn't a conspiracy theory of the historical event.

The most aggravating aspect of this displacement of the real by representation was Fenster's discussion of conspiracy theory in everyday life. Rather than the obvious scenario that I sketched above whereby most people conspire with the commodity economy on a daily basis, Fenster's discussion centers on Christians whose prophecy, not theory, has nothing to do with everyday life and everything to do with heaven. In this light, juxtapose, if you will, Norman Cohn's well-known contempt for millenarianism, cited by Fenster, with the views of Raoul Vaneigem in *Movement of the Free Spirit* about the liberating aspects of this millenarian sect's hedonistic heresy on the lives of the partisans. These are different times, and when Fenster depicts the Christian militia movement that is so close to the Republican party, I'm reminded of George Bataille's definition of a fascist as a Christian with a gun.

We are insufficiently antifascist here in the United States, to a woeful degree, and it should be a moral obligation to make theories about networks of exmilitary intelligence types turned militia with ties to white supremacists, the Klan and to Congress. To his credit, Fenster does some of this, although I'm sure he knows he could have gone much further in this direction. He had other priorities, such as attempting to ground his analysis on the work of the political scientist Richard Hofstadter, who, in describing American paranoids and their populism, was himself engaging in conspiracy theory. Fenster wisely abandons most of this analysis and makes an interesting remark about Hofstadter's discussion of McCarthy - the paranoid of paranoia wasn't antifascist, nor was he concerned with the antidemocratic aspects of McCarthyism.

Unlike Hofstadter, Fenster gives hints throughout the book that his heart is in the right place. But he somehow ignores what I consider to be one of the most dangerous conspiracies of the postwar era. How shall I put it? The most succinct expression of this conspiracy theory is to say that Germany won the second world war.

Does the phrase Black Orchestra mean anything to you? No? Study the Portuguese Revolution of 1974-1975 and examine the documents pertaining to international neofascism discovered by the revolutionaries. Look into the role of exNazis and Nazi collaborators in the US government, not just the CIA where their supreme role is well known. You

might look at the Torbitt document for the possible role of a high-profile Nazi in the assassination of JFK, but also look at US support for neofascism in Greece, Italy and other places under other names. Follow the Nazi rat line from the Vatican to places deploying death squads while closely allied with the United States. Look at the Nazi collaborators who attended Reagan's White House dinners and the known fascists who worked for the Republican party for years and played a large role in exCIA director George Bush's successful presidential campaign. Investigate Bush's ties with the P2 Masonic lodge in Italy and its well-documented sponsorship of terrorism. Look at the war criminals and exdictators that Senator Patrick Leahy calls the "new Nazis" who have been given refuge in the United States. Germany won the second world war to the exact degree that the United States supports, embodies and harbors fascism.

(See page 13 for more information on the work of Len Bracken.)



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FATHER OF LIES

Allen Dulles: Master of Spies

by James Srodes

a review by Uri Dowbenko

What can you say about a dead white guy whose own wife called him "The Shark"?

Yes, Allen Dulles was a lawyer. He worked for the powerful illuminati law firm Sullivan & Cromwell, where daily conflicts-of-interest were a way of life, whose clients included multinational corporations as well as foreign governments, and whose big money deals shaped the destiny of the planet.

In his high profile career which spanned two World Wars as well as the Cold War, Dulles was also a director of the Central Intelligence Agency and a director of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Finally Dulles was a moral, intellectual and physical cripple. His philandering was notorious. His acquiescence to the wishes of his masters -- the Anglo-American Establishment -- is a matter of historical record. And ironically, he also had a club foot, like Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, the amoral director of the CIA's Technical Services Division, responsible for the Agency's devilish mind control programs.

James Srodes, author of *Allen Dulles: Master of Spies*, (Regnery, 624 pp., \$34.95) has produced a sanitized whitewash of a biography, completely avoiding Dulles's culpability in many heinous crimes against humanity.

During Dulles's tenure, after all, the CIA continuously used people as involuntary human guinea pigs. In their hubris, the arrogant spymasters believed they were accountable to no one, the lives of their victims mere Olympian playthings.

This dysfunctional mindset of the power elite is the psychopathology of Dulles himself and many others who consider themselves the movers and shakers of the twentieth century.

NAZIS BANKROLLED BY WALL STREET

With blithe disregard, Srodes downplays the importance of the collusion between Big Business and Big Government, writing "there is little doubt that a close relationship between the State Department and the senior partners of Sullivan & Cromwell suited all the parties well...Questions of conflicts of interest rarely arose in a time when the

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interests of commerce and government were so closely allied."

Closely allied? That's Srodes' quaint way of saying that the Old Boys Club parasites infested government as well as business.

Most bothersome, however, is Srodes's dedicated ignorance of the build-up of the Nazi War Machine by Wall Street investment bankers. For instance, in dealing with the Schroeder bank's involvement with financing Hitler, Srodes is disingenuous at best. He claims that it was a "different" Schroeder bank because of the different spelling of the surname, even though the name was anglicized in its British incarnation.

"There never was any proof that Sullivan or Cromwell or the Dulles Brothers of the London Schroeder Bank ever had ties to or dealings with von Schroeder," huffs Srodes.

The facts remain that Srodes's disinformational biography disregards well known facts recounted in former Hoover Institution scholar Antony C. Sutton's landmark history, *Wall Street and the Rise of Hitler* (1976). "Who was Schroeder?" asks Sutton in his book, "Baron Kurt von Schroeder was born in Hamburg in 1889 into an old established German banking family. An earlier member of the Schroeder family moved to London, changed his name to Schroder (without the diëresis) and organized the banking firm of J. Henry Schroder in London and J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation in New York."

In his well-documented story of the American financiers who provided the money and materiel Hitler used to launch World War II, Dr. Sutton recounts how Nazi Baron Kurt von Schroeder "acted as a conduit for I.T.T. money funneled to Heinrich Himmler's S.S. organization in 1944, while World War II was in progress and the United States was at war with Germany."

Furthermore, in recent correspondence with this author, Dr. Sutton writes that "New York was so determined to conceal the WWII links that a vice president of New York Schroeder Bank (Bogdan) was put in uniform and sent to Germany to grab the [incriminating] paperwork before US troops even reached Cologne."

The American subsidiary of the notorious Nazi firm I. G. Farben, called American I.G., was under the control of an American citizen named Halbach, nominally a consultant to the firm.

When his bank accounts were blocked after Pearl Harbor, Sutton writes, "Halbach filed suit against the Allen Property Custodian through the Establishment law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell to oust the US Government from its control of I. G.

Farben companies. These suits were unsuccessful, but Halbach was successful in keeping the Farben cartel agreements intact through World War II."

"This tells me someone even today wants to keep history concealed," says Sutton. "The work of the Control Commission for Germany would be a very productive research project," he concludes.

DULLES AND THE WILSON PUPPET

In spite of himself, Srodes lest the truth out during unguarded moments. For instance, describing the way that President Wilson was controlled by his notorious handler 'Colonel' House, Srodes writes that "Wilson created a special advisory group, The Commission of Inquiry. It quickly became known as the Inquiry and the press called it Wilson's brain trust. Under Colonel House's direction, the group was made up of historians, geographers, economists and other experts on world affairs... With typical Wilsonian confidence, the president told his advisors not to bother him with the details of the issues he would confront. 'Just tell me what is right, and I will fight for it,' he said." In other words, Wilson handled himself like an obedient puppet.

Srodes also does nothing to illuminate Wilson's obsession with the League of Nations, a failed precursor of the UN. "His fixation, which used the young Allen Dulles and his brother Foster Dulles, resulted in the Treaty of Versailles, which by carving up ethnic groups and nations was in due course responsible for setting the stage for World War II."

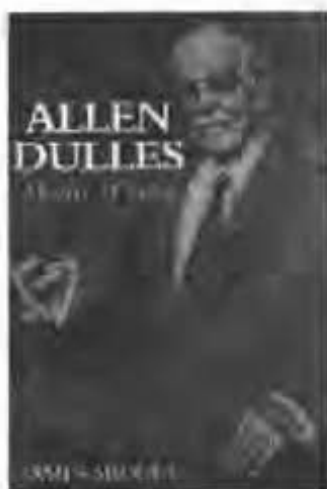
"Major participants began to flee Paris at once," writes Srodes, "though there remained an enormously detailed set of agreements on borders, arms trade and nationalities -- thirty five separate committees in all -- that would have to be worked out for the final act of the drama, the Treaty of Sevres signed in August 1920."

Allen Dulles, meanwhile, failed upward -- getting more responsibility from the Power Elite to fulfill their mandates.

MIND CONTROL -- THE SOLUTION TO DULLES'S PROBLEM WIFE

The illuminati double standard in sexual ethics -- "do as I say not as I do -- is underscored by Dulles's "private" behavior.

"Allen Dulles was a womanizer by any standards," writes Srodes. "It is inconceivable that he would have been hired by the CIA at all, let alone serve as its director for as long as he did, if today's intense scrutiny and censorious attitudes had existed in the 1950s."



"His penchant for flirtations and flings [Srodes can't bear to call them affairs] drew frequent rages and warnings from Clover [Dulles's wife]," pontificates the author.

"Clover had come to terms with her husband's philandering," writes Gordon Thomas in *Journey into Madness: The True Story of CIA Mind Control and Medical Abuse* (1989). "It had been strong enough to have driven her to contemplate suicide," continued Gordon. "Each time she had discovered a new adultery she had gone to Cartier. She had filled a jewel box with expensive baubles marking his infidelities."

"Over the years Clover had also consulted several psychiatrists who had prescribed drugs that only momentarily masked her pain. It had been an Agency doctor, a kindly man, who had finally taken her aside during a reception at the French Embassy for Bastille day and said she could benefit from seeing a Dr. Cameron."

This was the notorious criminal Doctor Ewen Cameron whose hospital in Montreal became a living hell, the horror show setting for mind control experiments directed by CIA director Allen Dulles.

SANITIZING THE CFR

Srodes is just another spinmeister, sanitizing history in the tradition of other Establishment hacks. "His [Dulles's] early membership in the Council on Foreign Relations would prove much more important to his development," writes Srodes. In other words, if joining the Old Boys Club doesn't help your career, nothing will.

Srodes doesn't explain the significance of the CFR, a defacto U.S. Politburo, sister organization of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, whose

mutual origin in Cecil Rhodes's Roundtable Group remains ground zero for contemporary globalists who dominate U.S. government policies and agendas.

The Council on Foreign Relations, the preeminent cabal of control freaks, is even quoted in the book from the 1944-45 Report as pronouncing, "Peace will need to be worked out as diligently as war has been."

The CFR's penchant for globalist micro-management has been a bane for America ever since.

"From 1939 onward, Dulles had become one of the leading public proponents of the view that America's own defense security was inextricably entwined with that of Western Europe and particularly with that of Britain," writes Srodes.

"That year, he and Hamilton Fish Armstrong published a sequel to their 1936 argument against isolationism," he continues.

Undoubtedly Dulles's dull propaganda tract called "Can We Stay Neutral?" set the agenda for public acquiescence to the burgeoning war industry and further profiteering by Wall Street allied industries.

After all, how could you make money without a designated enemy?

THE WASHINGTON KREMLIN

Ironically, home to the OSS and the CIA -- a compound of buildings at 2430 E. Street N.W. -- was called "the Kremlin."

This bizarre moniker betrays the police state mentality of the OSS-CIA veterans who became the ardent fighters of communism.

As far back as 1945, the CIA has been called an "American Gestapo," most notably in a series of articles written by Walter Trohan in the *Chicago Tribune*.

During that time, General George Strong argued that the OSS was "possibly dangerous" and that "it ought to be liquidated in a perfectly natural logical manner."

The specious argument that America "needed" an intelligence agency is betrayed by the fact that there were no less than eight different spy agencies in the US at the time.

THE CIA-MEDIA-PROPAGANDA CONNECTION

"With a combination of hard dollar contributions and soft dollar services, major American corporations were enthusiastic supporters of both government and private cloak and dagger campaigns," writes Srodes.

"Correspondents for major newspapers, magazines and broadcast networks (notably Time-Life, NBC and CBS) doubled as collectors while the media outlets themselves shaped programming to propaganda needs," continues Srodes.

According to Deborah Davis, author of the definitive *Katharine the Great: Katherine Graham and Her Washington Post Empire* (1991), it was much worse.

Interviewed in the *Steamshovel Press* anthology *Popular Alienation* (1995), Davis says that "Philip Graham was Katherine Graham's husband who ran the *Post* in the 50s. He committed suicide in 1963. That's when Katherine Graham took over. [Benjamin] Bradlee was close friends with Allen Dulles and Phil Graham. The paper wasn't doing very well for a while and he was looking for a way to pay foreign correspondents and Allen Dulles was looking for a cover."

"So the two of them hit on a plan," says Davis. "Allen Dulles would pay for the reporters and they would give the CIA the information that they found as well as give it to the *Post*. So he helped to develop this operation and it subsequently spread to other newspapers and magazines. It was called Operation Mockingbird."

The *Washington Post* is a CIA front. Deal with it. CIA infiltration of the mass media is an historical fact. Is it taught in the prestigious Schools of Journalism around the country? Very unlikely..

THE DULLES-MAFIA CONNECTION

In mobster Sam Giancana's revealing biography, *Double Cross* (1992), "Mooney [Giancana] went on to say that CIA director Allen Dulles was the one who originally come up with the idea of taking out Castro."

"Two officials, Richard Bissell and Sheffield Edwards, were selected to put the scheme into action," write co-authors Sam and Chuck Giancana, godson and brother of mob boss Sam Giancana. "For the liaison to the Outfit [the Chicago-based Mob], Mooney said they called on Bob Maheu [a Howard Hughes operative]."

"The guy from the FBI? The guy who used to be with the FBI. He has a cover, a detective agency," answered the elder Giancana. "He's working for our Teamsters attorney friend, Williams. That's how a lot of the guys work. Like Banister... Maheu and Banister work for the CIA all the time... They're good, damned good. And they've made me a lot of money."

The CIA's use of "cutouts," or go-betweens, put distance between the CIA's murderous deeds and the killers they hired. Most recently this practice has been called "privatization."

"After Mooney's initial meeting with Maheu, one arranged by his lieutenant Johnny Roselli, Mooney told Chuck he instructed Roselli to tell Santo Trafficante and Carlos Marcello he wanted them to provide the assistance necessary -- their Cuban connections -- to pull off the CIA assassination plot," the book continues.

"Mooney made Roselli the go-between with Maheu and the CIA. Meanwhile Mooney said he put Jack Ruby back in action supplying arms, aircraft and munitions to exiles in Florida and Louisiana, while the former Castro Minister of Games, Frank Fiorini, joined Ruby in the smuggling venture along with a Banister CIA associate, David Ferrie." These intimate connections between a notorious cast of characters from CIA, the Outfit and the JFK assassination players put credence to Giancana's contention, "That's what we are, the Outfit and the CIA, two sides of the same coin."

DULLES AND THE JFK MURDER

Then President John F. Kennedy had the audacity to fire Allen Dulles as director of the CIA. Why? He blamed himself and the CIA chief for the Bay of Pigs failed invasion of Cuba.

Enraged at the fiasco, Kennedy vowed to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces." Shortly thereafter the men who caused him public humiliation were fired -- CIA veterans Allen Dulles, Richard Bissell and General Charles Cabell.

It has been duly noted that CIA agents loyal to Dulles had been placed throughout the United States. Also the Nazi spymaster Reinhard Gehlen's German and Eastern European agents, exfiltrated after WWII, were positioned in Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth and New Orleans, where they would be later useful in providing a smokescreen for the Warren Commission's coverup of JFK's murder.

When President Johnson appointed Dulles to be a member of the Warren Commission to probe the JFK assassination, there was more than a little irony that the former CIA spymaster got the job.

When you need a first class coverup, call a professional. The blatant conflict of interest was once again covered up by the media watchdogs turned lapdogs. The fix was in.

Interestingly enough, Srodes writes that "the correspondence in Dulles's personal papers shows that a major preoccupation of all the commission members was to satisfy the American public that Lee

Harvey Oswald had acted alone and above all, had not had any ties to the CIA, the FBI or any other arm of the government."

The Lone Nut Conspiracy Theory was born, and the Dulles-directed Warren Commission Report was produced — a better historical fraud than even the Pildown Man hoax.

DULLES -- ILLUMINATI GOFER

Even though "gofer of the illuminati" might be too harsh a sobriquet for Dulles, it is certainly not inaccurate.

As the ultimate insider and member of the ultra-secret Pilgrim Society, Dulles consistently followed his masters' agenda of internationalism. He steadfastly promoted globalism and the oligopoly's control of resources and nations, which the "useful idiots" -- as the Soviets use to call them -- believe will lead to the inevitable One World Government.

Allen Dulles: Master of Spies is a prime example of revisionist biography at best, -- or blatant hagiography at worst. It's another sanitized whitewash of a man who could be liberally characterized as a world-class criminal.

In his conclusion to the 370-page doorstop of a book, Srodes flirts with the truth and even briefly touches it. He writes that "Dulles was indebted to both his grandfather and uncle for his conviction that the safety of a free society must be protected by that institutional paradox, a publicly accountable secret service."

It is certainly secret, but most certainly not accountable.

"If that ideal was wrong, then Dulles was wrong and the concept on which the CIA was founded was also wrong," writes Srodes. "If the past fifty years were wrongly cast, then the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and the Cold War were all ghastly mistakes."

And that ghastliness remains Dulles's lasting legacy.

"His monument is around us," concludes Srodes, referring to the bas-relief medallion with Dulles's portrait, hanging in the central lobby of the CIA headquarters building.

That "monument" is today's surveillance society.

You can thank Allen Dulles -- Godfather of the National Security States of America.

Uri Dowbenko is Chairman and CEO of New Improved Entertainment Corp. and site manager of SteamshovelPress.Com. He can be reached by e-mail at u.dowbenko@mailcity.com

SEX, ROCKETS AND JACK PARSONS

Sex And Rockets: The Occult World of Jack Parsons

by John Carter

a review by Greg Bishop

Marvel aka John aka Jack Parsons was a weird guy. Most readers have probably heard of Parsons as Aleister Crowley's front man for the Ordo Templi Orientis in Los Angeles, or even as a pioneer rocket engineer (even though he was not a scientist and held no degrees.) He was all this and the self-proclaimed antichrist too. Parsons hated conventionality, authority, propriety, and hypocrisy, and dedicated his short life to the annihilation of the system that keeps most souls from realizing their true will. Ironically, it was the conventional aspect of Parsons' life that brought him his most lasting legacy. In the new release *Sex And Rockets: The Occult World of Jack Parsons*, biographer John Carter dispels many myths about the man, and uncovers many original documents, letters and transcripts that fill in the many blanks in his stormy life which ended literally with a bang.

He was born Marvel Whiteside Parsons on October 2, 1914. His father had an affair soon after which caused his mother Ruth to divorce him in forthwith. Forever after Ruth Parsons would vilify the memory of her husband to her son, which in turn caused the adult Jack Parsons to forever search for a father figure. Jack acknowledged this fact in his diaries. Carter unearths an unsubstantiated story that there were home movies of mother and son having sex with each other and the family dog. If true, Parsons may have passed up his master Crowley in the taboo-breaking/ ego destroying department.

In 1939 he discovered a copy of one of Crowley's books and soon after showed up on the doorstep of the Pasadena lodge of the OTO. Within a few years, Parsons was deeply involved in occult practice, and started up his own lodge in a 10 bedroom house which he had purchased with the profits from his wildly successful rocket work. The ads that Parsons placed for tenants in his bohemian paradise specified that those who believed in God would need not apply.

Carter documents Parsons' regrettable association with fledgling science fiction author L. Ron Hubbard in the mid 1940s as his partner in ventures occult and capitalistic. Hubbard charmed

Parsons young girlfriend away from him while paradoxically helping him initiate the Babalon Working--a series of ceremonies that were designed to destroy the old order and bring about a new age of personal freedom guided by an unnamed leader whom Parsons envisioned as a woman. Hubbard later ripped off his new friend to the tune of almost \$20,000. Carter calls Parsons' naivete' along with his occult hubris probably the greatest factors in his failure in matters magickal and worldly.

Throughout his adult life, Parsons turned to his self-taught expertise in explosives to pursue his other True Will. He was one of the founding members of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, and is so honored on a plaque near the visitor's center. His eccentricities were accepted by his cohorts, even his habit of stomping around and invoking the god Pan before rocket tests. Carter documents Parsons' JPL work with painstaking detail, probably giving the subject better treatment than any science-based history ever has.

Unlike most biographies, Carter doesn't shy away from the darkest reaches of his enigmatic subject, and Parsons' violent death in a (probably) accidental explosion is the stuff of classic tragedy. A short review like this just doesn't do justice to the awesome thoroughness of *Sex And Rockets*.



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A few hours before I saw this photo of *Steamshovel* editor Kenn Thomas wearing William S. Burroughs' glasses and hat and standing in front of a painting by Aliester Crowley, I was reading Robert Anton Wilson's introduction to a book about Crowley. But I didn't read the book, I read Martin Luther King's first book, published in 1958. Indirectly, I'm supposed to choose a videotape for Black History month, having talked myself into a corner when I suggested the idea. So, I felt it best that I read up some on the source documents. At least King used simple language. When Burroughs died, the Montreal newspaper article about him listed no writings any later than 1964. A guy showed me *The Job* and I thought it was hilarious, and that book was written well after 1964.



Above: Thomas points out that the grass above Burroughs' grave on the family plot is greener than the rest. Might this be the result of the orgone energy Burroughs had accumulated during his life?

If WSB's grave has greener grass, it is probably because it is younger grass, well fertilized in fresh sod with lots of minerals. The older grass around his grave has taken the minerals out of the soil over the years, or maybe it is a different breed of grass.

—X. Sharks Despot, Lansing, MI

There are assassins working pretty steadily for every intelligence service, for defense contractors and, probably, for very wealthy groups of people. With regard to [late Commerce secretary] Ron Brown, a thought came to mind regarding the mysterious 45-cal hole in his skull. Since his assassin would have been a man with very strong survival instincts, he would not have gone down with the plane. And, he certainly would have been a skilled parachutist. Did anyone check to see if the number of bodies in the wreckage tallied with the warm ones that got on that plane?

Well, I wonder why the real power in our country decided to put a brilliant sociopathic crotch hound into the Presidency? And, why did they allow him to put the Chinese in a position to threaten us? There clearly is an effort underway to make major shifts in military, financial and moral areas worldwide.

We're in the crapper and an evil hand is gripping the chain.

Bob Alford
N. Wildwood, N.J.

PS: Note for intelligence agents steaming open Kenn Thomas' mail: I certify that fears real and imagined have so damaged my mind and body that I pose no threat whatsoever to any individual or organization.

Ref: Jonathan Vankin's book on conspiracies, Apolloscam

Bill Kaysing is right to suggest that ALL of the Moonlandings were faked, and I think the world media are fully convinced after nearly thirty years.

However I am inclined to disagree with Kaysing on what really took place back in 1969. His theory is that Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins were NEVER launched into space, but merely orbited the Earth in the same way as previous Gemini missions. The capsule we see returning to Earth is therefore returning from space, i.e., Earth orbit, and is certainly not returning from the Moon.

I have done many years research into the faked Moonlandings and have uncovered a colossal amount of blunders made by NASA when faking the saga, so much that I have now produced a website, but even then there are some pictures I cannot use due to their size. The website is only half completed at the moment, but the evidence is compelling enough, and it would be interesting to hear what NASA, or any former astronauts who claim to have

walked on the Moon have to say about the discrepancies.

www.evbn.net.co.uk/apollo_one_big_hoax/bill_clinton.htm

GO GET IT NOW! OTHER WEBSITES
OVERLEAF

Yours faithfully,
Mr. Reality
England



Above: Kenn Thomas and Acharya S at George Van Tassel's Integretron in the Mojave desert, near where the moon landings were faked.

"Subvert anything of value in the enemy's country. Implicate the emissaries of the major powers in criminal undertakings; undermine their position and destroy their reputation in other ways as well; and expose them to the public ridicule of their fellow citizens. Do not shun the aid of even the lowest and the most despicable people. Disrupt the work of their government with every means you can...Spread disunity and dispute among the citizens of the enemy's country..."

When I first read the above lines attributed to the ancient Chinese military strategist Sun Zu, I immediately thought of Mae Brussell and her protégé, John Judge. Judge's response in *Steamshovel* #16 to my letter in *Steamshovel* #15 has only strengthened my conviction that the "lowest and most despicable people" are still at it.

Mr. Judge denies being a communist even while he describes himself with communist euphemisms. Even more telling is his use of "anti-Communist" as a slur. When communism is, by definition, the apotheosis of the state, why would one opposed to Marxist slavery be considered a monster by an "anti-statist"?

Because an *anti-anti-communist* is per se a communist. Mr. Judge can paint his red flag black, but anarchists are always communism's useful idiots. They inhabit the same end of the political spectrum, employ the same rhetoric, harbor the same resentments, and long for the same revolution. But anarchists, stupid enough to believe their own rhetoric, can't realize that their utopia can only be achieved at gun point. Communists, being cynics, know that their godfather Marx meant the "withering away of the state" to be the carrot at the end of the stick of proletarian dictatorship. Anarchists who insisted on anarchy would join reactionaries in the grave of the Gulag.

—G. J. Krupey
N. Huntingdon, PA

Steamshovel debris: Mr. Krupey's full, ten page response to John Judge is available from him for \$1 plus a self-addressed, stamped envelope, at 12415 Larimer Avenue, N. Huntingdon, PA 15642. John Judge can be contacted through Prevailing Winds Research, P.O. Box 23511 Santa Barbara, CA 93121. Telephone: (805) 899-3433 & Fax: (805) 899-4773.

Nice to hear that *Steamshovel Press* has struggled back. It would surprise few of us if (not so) Fine Print and its bankruptcy was a caper engineered to crush pesky and marginal (a redundancy) mags like *Steamshovel*. Hey, there are bad guys out there — or so I'm told. Anyway, congratulations on emerging from your, well, emergency!

The Morongo Indian Reservation abutts Banning to the latter's east here in the pass on the high road (US 10) between the piles of Palm Springs (both kinds) and the pile ups of LA. They aren't really the Cabazon Indians, as your article in #15 names them, that's just the name of the town (of sorts) that sits next to the freeway through their area (an area that borders the road and runs up into the foothills and mountains toward Mt. San Geronimo, but doesn't include all the property immediately adjacent to the road). Up to a few years ago Cabazon was a primeval gas station, a fruit stand, and some shanties and trailers loosely strung out among wrecked cars and old tires.

Now it's worse. It has all been bulldozed away and replaced with a massive complex of scores of schlock-selling, card-maxing, factory discount stores that pull in Americans who still have jobs, but mostly (it seems) busloads of banzai-ing lads (whoops, old propaganda reemerging!) on vacation who see all the Toyotas, Datsuns, etc. in the parking lot, as well as all the familiar names on the big new

container freight cars rolling by on the Southern Pacific tracks, and thank their lucky stars they lost the war.

Not wanting to miss out on the take, the Morongos built a big glitzy Indian-revenge casino nearby that empties the pockets of the white-eyes round the clock. Their sign flashes, "we want you to win!" Uh huh, just like they wanted Custer to win at Little Big Horn.

But heck, the tribe splits up the swag and now they're all off welfare. Now one would think that such a turn of events would be welcomed by those of countenance pallid who have long crabbed about having to support Indians--all of whom were lazy, no-account drunks.

One would be wrong. Now they're complaining because the filthy redskins are out of their breechclouts and into suits.

By the way, the Morongo tribe has nothing to do with Indio, a city about thirty miles to the east. The Morongo reservation only extends about one fourth of the way to Indio. I think the Agua Caliente tribe has some of its territories around there. They also have a lot of the land in and around there. They also have a lot of the land in and around Palm Springs. Smart enough years ago only to lease some of their lands when the Hollywood crowd with their air-conditioners and golf bags began to move in, the Agua Calientes have done well.

Richard Horton
Banning, CA



Above: Thomas, Flatland's Jim Martin (at the helm) and Konformist's Rob Sterling (www.konformist.com) boating in the San Francisco bay.



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"What private griefs they have, alas, I know not
that made them do it.
They are wise and honorable,
and will no doubt with reasons answer you."

-speech of Marc Antony,
Wm. Shakespeare,
Julius Caesar, Act III, scene II

DIMLY VISIBLE THROUGH A FOG OF EVASIONS

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND

By Wayne Henderson

Steamshovel debris: This magazine never expected to include the great Jim Keith in its Table Tapping issue. However, last September the long-time *Steamshovel* contributor, former publisher of the zine *Dharma Combat*, author of the two classic works on Black Helicopters, plus volumes on mind control, the Gemstone File, the OKC Bomb, Alternative Three, the Men In Black, and all other varieties of conspiracy and parapolitical topics, died of a blood clot after entering Washoe Medical in Reno for treatment of a simple knee injury. The controversies and possible conspiracies surrounding this tragic event have been discussed widely. Kenn Thomas made two national television appearances calling for an official investigation and assumed the chores of Keith's *Nitro News* column for several weeks before until that web site closed up shop. Details about Jim Keith's death appear at the web site created by his friend George Piccard at

<http://users.intercomm.com/gpickard/jimkeith/>

Steamshovel maintains a tribute page to Keith at

<http://www.umsi.edu/~skthoma/things10.htm>

with comments from the many who knew and loved Keith, including Len Bracken, Jim Martin, Acharya S, Ivan Stang, Jim Hougan, Joan D'Arc, Timothy Beckley, Jay Kinney, Adam Parfrey and many others. IllumiNet Press has just released a new book by Keith, *Mass Control Engineering Human Consciousness*, and has a few more Keith manuscripts to be published in the future. Below,

another close friend of Jim Keith's, Wayne Henderson, now serving a life sentence for a crime he did not commit, offers his tribute.

[a trailer, outside Reno Nevada, early morning

He is disheveled; still wearing most of what he was wearing last night (good performance. GREAT party) and the first thing he notices is that he's got a monumental case of dragonmouth, and a headache. Oh, and his leg hurts.

He rises, goes to the bathroom with a cup of strong coffee in his hand and some Led Zepellin on the stereo. The aspirin starts to kick in, the headache begins to fade. His leg hurts. He gargles, showers. Gets another cup of 40-weight coffee.

He rummages through a pile of papers on his kitchen table/workdesk. Book manuscript (GOT to finish that intro) E-mails articles letters (gotta answer that one from IllumiNet) back issue of *Steamshovel Press* (his leg hurts) more letters more E-mails (should get online today, *Conspiracy Journal* is due) dog eared invitation to a party at the Burning Man festival, what was I looking for, anyway?

(god-all-MIGHTY what the HELL did I do to my LEG?) on the phone, make arrangements to go to the hospital and have a doctor look at this, put a splint on the darned thing, I've got work to do, for chrissakes...

after the failure of Walter Raleigh's 1585 expedition to establish a colony on Roanoke Island, it took a generation before the British were ready to mount another attempt. Even then, interest in colonization was hard to raise. Francis Bacon and others formed the "Virginia Company", ostensibly, to Christianize the "Heathen Indian Savages"; the first party of 144 men, landed on 14 May 1607, were a mixed bag of English "Gentlemen", second and third sons of wealthy families who expected no great inheritance and in search of easy riches - and totally lacking in the skills necessary to survive in the unbroken wilderness. Their code of conduct forbade them from doing any physical labor, such as farming; however, while their company included such necessary 'higher' servants as jewellers and a perfumer, these Brits - the "Crown of Creation" - had neglected to bring a single farmer. To rub shoulders with such menials on the long journey to the New World would have been an affront to their class identity, and it never occurred to these high-caste imbeciles that their wouldn't be servants and serfs awaiting them in the forests primeval. Not taking servants was a mistake that would never again be repeated, and heaven forbid that anyone should

ever inform the classes of just how essential their labor truly is.

[unmailed letter, dated 31 August 1999]

Dear Jim - Well, I got the copies of the writ done; I'll be filing it with the 9th Circuit court sometime next week. I'm just glad to be out of the state courts and that damned Northern District court - I'm sure I'll get some action in the 9th, though I expect it'll still be close to a year, at the earliest, before I'm finally out. We're still on for a victory party? I can stop over on my way east, make it a daylong layover in Sun Valley... how far are you from the Amtrak station? I'm afraid I don't have anything publishable on the Y2K thing, but I know this much: it's no damned accident. I'd like to see a copy of the book when it comes out. Gotta run - life in here is an endless series of lines to wait in. Give my best to Aerika and Verity [Steamshovel debris: These are Jim Keith's two daughters.], and write back when you have a chance. I'll hold this letter until I can enclose a copy of that article I promised you. Namaste, Wayne. PS: the sheer number of UN-grey planes flying overhead in this area would give you nightmares!

[ER, near Reno]

"My leg is WHAT?"

"Broken - you really should've come in sooner. Nothing serious, though."

"So, you can splint it and I can be on my way?"

"We're still looking at the Xrays, but it seems pretty simple. If you hadn't walked on it-- so much, we could've just put it in a cast and had you home in around an hour..."

"Well, how long will this take?"

"We're still looking at the Xrays; we'll know in a little while."

[pay telephone, ER, near Reno]

"I don't know, these sons of bitches never tell you a damned thing if it doesn't serve their interests. Still looking at the Xrays, they said... [pause] No, well, aah ...they said I should've come in sooner, shouldn't've been walking on it ... [pause] Hell no - no way, Operate? For a broken bone? I can't see why... tell you the truth, I honestly believe that if I

ever did need surgery, like if they had to put me under? I don't think I'd survive it ...I, ah...[pause], No, nothing concrete ... [pause.] No, maybe I'm just being paranoid [laughs] -- no, I just get this feeling, one of those gut reactions..."

When the stored food ran out, the "gentlemen" of the Virginia Company grew hungry. Were it not for the unusual tolerance and charity of Chief Powhatan, the "gentlemen" would have starved to death in short order. As it was, in less than two years, only 38 of the original 144 colonists were still alive at the Jamestown colony. When the rescue and resupply mission was finally launched in 1609, the 9-ship fleet managed to steer itself directly into a hurricane, and the flagship ran aground on Bermuda. The elite "gentlemen" and their heirs know full well the necessity of having serfs to toil, and the necessity of keeping them ignorant of their own power, as well as the machinations whereby the elite accomplish this goal. Any who dare to rouse their fellow slaves against the masters seals his fate.

[admissions desk, ER, near Reno]

The keystroke operator finishes entering a document, sets the form aside, and picks up another admissions/insurance form; places it in the holder, and begins entering the information into the System. Name: KEITH, James. Insurance Carrier No.: ...

[MIND CONTROL.. WORLD CONTROL, J. Keith, Adventures Unlimited Press 1997, pg.309]

"...the response is standard: this is science fiction. Certainly the technology of surveillance and control has been evolving at rapid rate, the average person responds, but it will be years, perhaps centuries, before true mind control is achieved. Think again. The response in itself is a carefully cultivated mind state. The true capabilities of technology have been concealed..."

There are no limits to the control that can be induced upon the population by technology as it currently exists."

[Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler]

"...we must not let political boundaries obscure the boundaries of eternal justice -- the law of self-preservation goes into effect..."

[basement computer room, government office, Indian Springs Nevada; adjunct to Nellis AFB, 330 miles SW of Reno]

Two clerks, 02 security clearance, are playing gin rummy on a cardboard crate; they are surrounded by display screens, keyboards, and megamemory stacks. The lights are medium-low; there is a barely audible hum from the computers, and several nude photographs of Anna Nicole Smith compete for attention from the inside door of the toilet, which is ajar. A yellow light flashes by a display screen to the immediate right of the younger of the two clerks.

He observes the name and information scrolling down the screen, enters a search program. Another monitor displays a list of known associates, as well as the name of the FBI section chief currently designated as custodian of the casefile on "KEITH, James". The clerk enters a few keystrokes, shunting the information to the section chief's office, and returns to his game; if he could just draw a nine of clubs, he could go out right now...

one of the dissenting groups within the English Xtian 'community' was the 'Separatists', religious zealots who believed that the church and its membership were unredeemably corrupt and beyond any possibility of reform, an opinion they also applied to anyone else outside their own ranks, as well as anyone within their ranks who dared argue the point. These Separatists were of the lower classes, menials, essentially the Jesusfreak white trash and trailerpark bornagains of their era. King James I chased them out of England entirely; led by one William Bradford, they sought sanctuary in Holland, where Bradford collected a tidy sum farming them out as slave labor. Using his connections among wealthy British merchants, Bradford arranged to take his slaves - history remembers them as the Pilgrims, God's Frozen People - to the "New World". Although originally headed for Virginia, where they could be used by the Gentlemen of the Virginia Company, the Mayflower - a leaky derelict ship that wasn't expected to survive the ocean voyage (which would solve the 'Pilgrim Problem' for decent people back in Europe) was blown hundreds of miles off course, to the Cape Cod peninsula, where by blind luck they landed at the only spot for hundreds of miles where the refuse of Europe could settle without instantly providing target practice for the fiercely territorial coastal tribes. Thanks to the generosity of neighboring tribes, the Pilgrims survived; within ten years, the surviving outcasts had tamed a few acres and made it liveable. At that point the Puritans - who had fallen

out of favor with Charles I - began arriving. Unlike the Pilgrim trash, the Puritans represented families of some wealth and standing. These Puritans became the nascent political power structure, the "masters" in the stolen lands. For their efforts, the Pilgrim trash were given the same sort of "jobs" their descendants hold today: tax collectors, televangelists, pit bosses and jackbooted gestapo thugs, to keep the even-less-desirable slave castes in line.

[SECRET & SUPPRESSED, J. Keith, Ed., Feral House, 1993(preface)]

"Careful examination of the facts will reveal something curious to the unbiased: America's electronic and print media are simultaneously 'free' and heavily controlled... To go beyond the brainwash requires only a modicum of curiosity and self-motivation."

[A PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, Howard Zinn, Harper Books, 1980]

"...by forced exile, by lures, promises, and lies, by kidnapping ...poor people ... became commodities of profit for merchants, traders, ship captains, and eventually their masters in America... the voyage to America lasted eight, ten, or twelve weeks, and the 'servants' were packed into ships with the same fanatic concern for profits that marked the [African] slave trade ... the sloop SEA FLOWER, leaving Belfast in 1741, was at sea sixteen weeks, and when it arrived in Boston, forty-six of its one hundred six 'passengers' were dead of starvation, six of them eaten by survivors... []...As the colonies passed their hundredth year... the gap between rich and poor widened; as violence and the threat of violence increased, the problem of control became more serious. What if these different despised groups - the Indians, the Slaves, the poor Whites - should combine? Even before there were so many Blacks, in the Seventeenth Century, there was, as Abbot Smith puts it, 'a lively fear that the servants would join with the Negroes [and] Indians to overcome the small number of Masters'."

[BLACK HELICOPTERS OVER AMERICA, Jim Keith, IllumiNet Press 1994]

"The reason I believe that the commitment of the entire populace of the United States to prison camps is not the likely scenario, is that we are already incarcerated in one of the most devilishly effective concentration camps ever devised..."



[ER, near Reno]

"...OPERATE?!"

"Yes, Mr. Keith, we need to operate. If you'd stayed off the leg after breaking it..."

"Well, listen, I don't want a general, just a local..."

"Calm down, Mr. Keith, we can do that, not a problem..."

[nondescript office, Fort Rucker, near Dothan Alabama]

The section chief is out of his office, momentarily, to use the executive washroom. A secretary notes a name flashing on his monitor - one of the low-level 'notice' files. She reflects, momentarily, weighing options. The section chief

had Mexican food last night; his sojourn in the washroom will be uncomfortable (to say the least), and his mood will be foul for the rest of the day. Better not piss him off, she thinks, as he reenters the office. His mood is unspeakably bad, and his sphincter is burning like a nuclear meltdown. He notes the name on the screen - another of those damned conspiracy buffs; passed someone off, mentioned the name of some doctor or something. In the hospital, now, for something. The section chief strokes a few keys, opts to shunt- the case to Ops for a decision, and hits the 'send' key just as the second of several servings of pork taquitos with quacamole leaves a stain in his boxers that will not wash out, ever...

By 1785, the Columbian Lodge of the Order of Illuminati, established in New York City after the Illuminist Congress of Wilhelmsbad, boasted such members as Governor DeWitt Clinton, Horace Greeley, and Clinton Roosevelt. In his writings, Roosevelt described the U.S. Constitution as "hastily put together when we left the British flag", and therefore in need of drastic revision he, and his Illuminist colleagues, considered the document fatally flawed in that there were too many checks and balances - such as those pesky First and Second Amendments - that could protect the rights of the slave castes against the enlightened self-interest of their hereditary masters. Grand Architect of the Universe forbid that an armed population of slaves, mistakenly taught to read, should ever set eyes upon tracts, let alone books, that would awaken them to the degrading depths of their true enslaved condition. While laws exist to squelch such revelation - from the Alien and Sedition Act of earlier this century, to the more recent & more pernicious Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996 - the policy, of silencing dissent is accomplished clandestinely, always clandestinely, and almost always fatally; the slaves cannot be permitted to know the truth, and the few who do must themselves be too frightened by mysterious deaths in their ranks to speak above a whisper.

[nondescript military computer facility, Desert Range Experimental Station, abutting state route 21, twenty-two miles SW of Garrison, Utah; 210 miles ENE of Indian Springs, Nevada; 390 miles due E of Reno]

"What's that on screen four?"

"Referral to OPS - Section Chief, Fort Rucker - one Keith, James."

The second clerk, at monitor four, keystrokes in a search protocol. Information scrolls up the screen. The first clerk, still relaxing at his station, watches noncommittally.

"...conspiracy buff, books published, coupla lucky guesses ... hold on..."

"...what's up?"

"...list of known associates...Thornley,, that's that crank in Atlanta..."

"Yeah, the twenty-third Oswald..."

[laughter]

"Thomas, out at U-Missouri-, conspiracy writer, publisher, radio show; Henderson, conspiracy writer, California prison - he's at Vacaville"

"What, wackyvi-l-le? the psy-ops facility?"

"That's the one. L'see, Krupey, part-time mainstream writer, near Philly; Bracken - novelist; Bonds, publisher..."

"Bonds - he that one in Georgia?"

"Yeah, Illuminati press or somesuch..."

"Real sweet bunch he runs with ...any on The List?"

The second clerk reaches over to monitor three keystrokes, calls up "The List" - the White House Standing List of Enemies of the State, also called the "Enemies List"

"Got two - no, three - plus a whole lot of cross-references."

"REAL sweet bunch. Real sonafabitch."

"Low-level threat to national security [checks screen] - arrest on sight warrant, active on DEFCON upgrade; he's strictly nickel-and-dime."

"Why the hell do we have it?"

"Hell, I don't know - the section chief just shunted it, no recommendations, nothing - all this guy does is make a few lucky guesses and write strokebooks. He could live next door to ya, y'de never know it..."

A third clerk, young, female, and somewhat attractive, enters the room, walks over to the monitor bank where the first two clerks are studying KEITH, James.

"What's up?"

"Got a real sonofabitch, here, potential threat to national security, you should see the crowd he runs with - real sweet buncha COMSYMPs and conspiracy buffs..."

"Yeah, the one was subpoenaed by the Warren Commission, co-conspirator in the Kennedy shoot; this one here's in lockup in California some kinda psychokiller."

"Fucking bad crowd, for sure. Should lock'em all up."

"Why do we have it?"

"He's in the hospital in... [pauses, reads screen] ... Washoe Medical, that'd be near Reno. Broken leg, surgery scheduled..."

"Rough customer, though - so he breaks a leg, he's still got hands, he's still on the 'net, spewing propaganda..."

"Yeah, y'don't underestimate these anarchists."

The female clerk seems incredulous.

"Anarchists? In this day and age?"

"Yeah, rough crowd. Section Chief at Rucker forwarded this one to OPS for handling, obviously wants us to take care of business."

"So, what do you guys do with him?"

[The second clerk pauses pregnantly, checking the screen on monitor seven a list of names and locations scrolls]

"We've got a guy right there, usually does out-jobs for Nellis and Indian Springs, he's on-site and a Med Tech Assistant, full access; I'll just pass this along..."

[pauses, checks a file, types a brief instructional paragraph, sends]

... to our guy on the ground and let him earn his keep."

"It does not take an extensive study of the masters of any age, the pharaohs, the kings, the popes, the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, to verify their existence or to determine their *modus operandi*. This ruling class (in its darkest and sometimes hidden manifestations) is unfettered by such insignificant things as ethical or moral qualms. They uniformly view themselves as pure-blooded aristocrats and the minions beneath them in. The same way that most people view cattle - as animals to be harvested. This harvesting is usually done by the men ostensibly hired to protect us..."

Malcolm X. Karen Silkwood. Jessica Savitch. Danny Casolaro. And now, Jim Keith.

I have a hard time eulogizing...not that I'm inexperienced with grief. My own dad died shortly after my fifth birthday, so I know how Aerika and Verity feel. My comrade Alan, an AIM activist, died under equally-mysterious circumstances back in '73. Two good friends, both committed Communists willing to dialogue with the Anarchist clique I ran with in Tampa, also dead - well, one dead, one missing & presumed dead (no body was ever found) back in 1960, right after the "May Day 1980" fiasco. I'm no stranger to this - but it doesn't make it any easier. Especially not when it's someone like Jim.

Nor can I say that Jim was the 'target' of a massive conspiracy -much like the rest of us, out here on the fringe, he was a 'target of opportunity'. Just like that: like a warped mutant spider, those whose masks we insist on tearing off await in the shadows, not really targeting us, per se, just noting an opportunity when it arises and swatting us like flies.

We're all targets, when you get right down to it ... targets of opportunity, our names and known associates filed somewhere, to show up on monitor screens in isolated, nondescript government/military facilities at odd moments, subject to notice.

Nor can we quit doing what we do and keep our heads down, in the hope that we'll pass through this life unscathed. We do what we have to do, we stand on the housetops and shout to whomsoever will listen, sharing what we've found, hoping that enough people will finally wake up and smell the catbox. And keeping your head down doesn't work. Believe me, I know.

Jim Keith died for doing what we do. I, for one, do not believe in 'accidents' in these bloody, frightening times. There are too many connections, too many

coincidences, too many questions left unanswered. All that really counts, right now, is that Jim Keith is dead; Jim, a friend, a mentor, a man who believed in his friends, who believed in the future, who believed in truth, and Truth, and the overwhelming importance of the search that would lead us, finally, to truth, and to Truth.



Jim Keith, who believed in me and made of me a Dharmic Combatant; Jim Keith, who (more than anyone else) helped me to mature, politically beyond mere politics; Jim Keith, who encouraged me and gave me opportunities that would otherwise have been unavailable


I believe there is more to us than is expressed and manifest in this life; that there is a state of existence beyond. I know that Jim is there, even now, comparing notes (and likely cutting up) with Malcolm, and Karen, and Jessica, and Danny. Jim Keith has earned his wings.

Requiam in felix at amor

Wayne Henderson

Finished 2 Oct 1999

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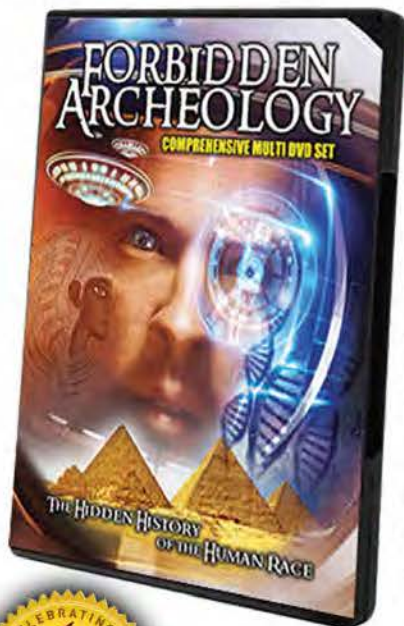
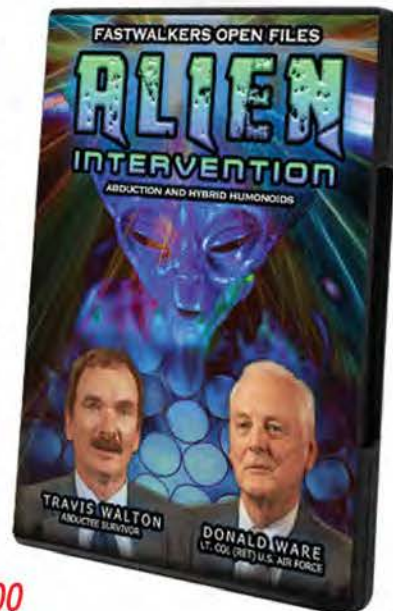
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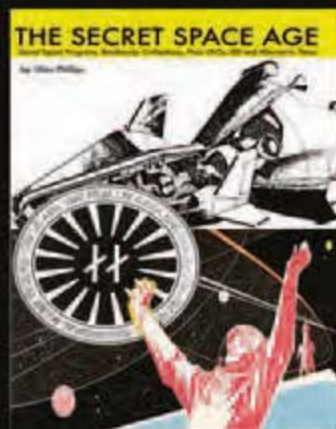
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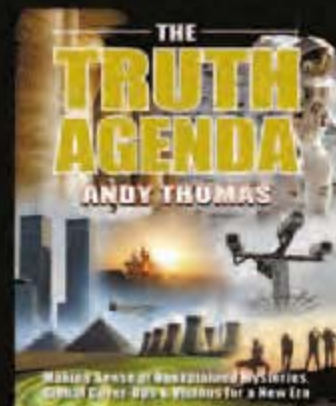


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